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THE
ISLAND MINSTREL:

A
COLLECTION

OF THE
POETICAL WRITINGS

OF
JOHN LE PAGE,

LATE THIRD TEACHER OF THE CENTRAL ACADEMY.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND:

GEORGE T. HASZARD, PRINTER, QUEEN SQUARE.

1860.

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INTRODUCTION.

The Harp of Island minstrelsy
 Was hanging on the willow tree—
 Untouch'd its chords, unheard its tone,
 With moss of strange neglect o'ergrown—
 Like other shall-be nameless things—
 Almost forgotten, till the strings,
 Suspended in the damp so long,
 Seem'd utterly unfit for song !
 True ! now and then, some passer by,
 As the old *relic* caught his eye,
 Has reach'd it down with careful hand,
 And all its parts harmonic scann'd—
 Has run his fingers o'er the strings,
 And, touching music's secret springs,
 Produc'd such tones, distinctly clear,
 Of love, and joy, and hope and fear !
 As might have pleas'd in days of yore
 The venerable bards, who wore—
 As legendary stories tell—
 The " sandall shoon and scallop shell."

 E'en so, with strong poetic fire,
 Did L. C. J. attune the lyre ;
 He well Apollo's magic knew,
 And sung to art and nature true !

Pleas'd with his strains, we've whiled away
The lovely "Indian summer" day.
How fair the prospect! all around,
Appearing like enchanted ground!—
Spring visits, as a Virgin Queen,
And spreads her robe of freshest green!
And "ardent summer," to the view
Throws o'er that robe a deeper hue!
But Indian summer can supply
More beauties for the poet's eye!
The trees in hectic dyes appear—
The flushes of the sinking year—
The winds, subdued, more softly blow,—
The river-streams more gently flow
While chasten'd sunlight, rich and warm—
Sheds over all a mellow charm!—
A mystic, tranquilizing spell,
As summer breathes her last farewell.
"At such a season," L. C. J.
The Island Harp would sometimes play;
He tun'd it with a master's hand,—
Each string vibrating at command—
And roll'd upon the list'ning ear,
The requiem of the dying year—
And, as we caught the sweet refrain,
We wish'd he oft might sing again!

Once more, the Island Harp was tried,
 When E. S. E. her hand applied ;
 Again each string was sweetly mov'd,—
 She sung—the public ear approv'd !
 And as the gen'ral pulse was stirr'd,
 'Twas fondly hoped there had appear'd
 An Island "Hemans," skill'd to play,
 Whose strains would never die away !
 But all at once, the Harp, unstrung,
 Again is on the willow hung !
 Hush'd up its every witching sound—
 And silence once more reigns around !

'The world will talk !—perhaps to-day
 Some folk may be inclin'd to say,—
 And why dost thou that silence break,
 And all this noise for nothing make ?—
 When "L. C. J." and "E. S. E."—
 Who might achieve celebrity—
 Have both resign'd the "rhyming trade,"
 So troublesome and poorly paid,—
 When *Werand* to his "Lelia" fair
 Scarce ventures now an amorous air !
 What folly, and presumption high,
 For thy poor muse at all to try,
 Or hope to please, where few indeed,
 Who make the effort wild, succeed !

I answer, then, in honest truth,
This "rhyming" was a trick of youth,
Which has, thro' censure and thro' praise,
Clung to me all my weary days
It long has been my humble aim
To raise the Island Muse's fame;
From Fancy's fields, where fresh and free
Grow the sweet flowers of poesy,
To wreath a lovely chaplet fair,
And bind it blooming round her hair;
Or, figures all aside, to pen
A song to please my countrymen.
But hold! say some,—of rhyming stuff
We've more already than enough!
At Haszard's, Bremner's, Stamper's! see!
The shelves are cramm'd with poetry!
But why to "well-cramm'd shelves" allude?—
If such can fairly be construed
Into a valid reason, why
I from "the muses' haunts" should fly,
Then in the name of all that's wise,
Who'll stick to gen'ral merchandise?
The business man may business stop—
The Tradesman shut his well-stock'd-shop,—
For ask them, and they all declare
The market's glutted everywhere!
Let cynics then their shoulders shrug,
And tell me poetry's a drug.

I say to grumblers,—even so !
Drugs are the very things to go !
Experience shows us, by the way,
That drugs *are* taken, and they pay !
If this assertion's doubted, call
At the "Apothecaries Hall!"
Or else, for confirmation strong,
Ask "Watson" if I'm right or wrong !

Desirous, then, my friends to please—
Regardless of my enemies—
Except—perhaps for selfish ends—
To wish they may become my friends—
I launch my unpretending rhymes,
Upon the current of the times,
Where fortune's winds capricious play,
And hopes are founder'd every day.
"Tis not in mortals to command
Success" in what they take in hand
As *Cato*—venerably grey,
In sorrow, was constrain'd to say.
But, having used, with thoughtfulness,
My efforts "to *deserve* success,"—
To fit my rhyme-built argosy
For squalls upon a *windy* sea ;
And set her off in sailing trim—
Here's fortune to her ! sink or swim !

INTRODUCTION.

But why of sinking talk the while?—
My native land, Prince Edward Isle,
(By metaphor) sustains afloat
The crews of "mony a bonny boat!"
The Royal gilded barge of State,
Mann'd by officials *meanly* great,
Who—having gain'd their selfish ends—
Remember to forget their friends!
The clergy *craft*, of every name,—
Professors! voyaging to fame,
Doctors of physic and of law!
Attorneys, skill'd to find a flaw!
Artists and painters, side by side,
All swim upon the public tide.
Luck to them all! on fortune's stream!
Wind to their sails! their boilers—steam!

But ere my pen aside I throw,
A few words more to such as shew
Their qualities of head and heart,
By patronizing my poor art:
The pieces in this book to you
Afford a record, strictly true,
Of home-events, which should not be
Forgotten in our history—
Here, as they happened, may be seen
Struggles of politicians keen,—

INTRODUCTION.

The combats of the ins and outs,—
Great contests ! victories and routs !
Where hostile ranks, in battle close ;
And those who win, and those who lose,
Both for *themselves* most nobly strive,
And all who are not kill'd—survive !

So much for Politics ! again
There's pluck within our Island men !—
Here is recorded on my page
The ISLAND *duel of the age* !
When C——s and P——r, eye to eye,
Opposing, let their bullets fly,
The muse again recalls the scene,
And shudders at what might have been !
Death, scenting keen, thro' nostril clear,
Stood with the seconds waiting near !
Each toe was up to Honor's mark,
Each pistol struck the vivid spark,
Each flash was follow'd by *report* ;
And, had they but been *drill'd* for sport,—
As some in Garibaldi's day—
It had not been a “ *bloodless fray* ! ”

But then, besides a harmless joke,
Crack'd now and then at public folk,
If you to read should feel inclin'd,
You may more serious matter find.

Here's praise for those who won applause,
By fighting in their country's cause ;
Who all the brunt of battle bore,
And conquer'd on a foreign shore—
Then proudly o'er the Atlantic foam,
Return'd, with victors' laurels home—
Heroes of reputation great!—
But why should I anticipate ?

Now, in conclusion, once for all,
Whatever fate my book befall!—
I tell the critics of the day,
Who lurk in letters' walks for prey,
These unsophisticated rhymes—
The reflex of their author's times—
Appear, without pretentious claim
To meed of *everlasting* fame !
To wonderful poetic *force* !
To *perfect* measure ! *faultless* verse !—
Those attributes, which but belong
To super-excellence of song !
But which, howe'er by critics priz'd,
We see are seldom realized.—
Should any of the *snarling* breed,
To look for faults, my verses read,
Then turn capriciously around,
With less of *reason* than of *sound*,

And strive, by his dogmatic rule,
To turn my page to ridicule:
I pledge my rhyming honor, then,
To fight the battle of the pen;
To meet the monster like a man,
And drub him soundly—if I can;
And if I can't, 'tis likely he
May stand some chance of drubbing me.

THE ISLAND MINSTREL.

ADDRESS TO PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Prince Edward Isle ! fit subject for the lays
Of sweeter minstrel ; how shall I aspire—
As best I may—to celebrate thy praise ;
Whose praise might well employ the noblest lyre.
Land of my birth ! I feel the patriot's glow ;
To thee I'm bound by nature's tender ties ;
To thee I feel my warmest wish must flow,
Till power to wish with human frailty dies ;
For nearest to my thought, while thought remains,
Must be thy flowing streams, thy woods and fertile
plains.

Now pleasing spring revisiteth thy shore,
Advancing gracefully with gentle tread ;
Scatt'ring, with lib'ral hand, her flow'ry store,
Where Boreas late in blustering storms had spread
His chilling mantle, frost, and ice, and snow ;
A cold contexture, wov'n in Winter's loom,
When short'ning days saw Phoebus ranging low
Along the southern sky, o'erspread with gloom,
Casting, by fits, a bright but powerless ray—
Powerless to stir the muse or give the streamlets
play.

But now the sun emits a warmer beam,
Thy rills, unbound, run murm'ring to the sea ;
Nature awakes as from a slumb'ring dream,
And hears the sounds of vocal melody,
Which charm the ear from ev'ry bush and grove,
Proceeding in a soft and varied strain ;
As the blithe redbreast tunes his lay of love,
Or blackbird, "answ'ring to her mate again,"
Pours, from her mellow throat, a note so clear,
That half the warbling choir might list'ning stop
to hear.

As thus the enliv'ning song pervades the air,
And flowers expanding deck the sunny brae ;
Drowning in harmony dull cank'ring care,
And charming ev'ry with'ring thought away—
Th' unskilful muse would sing her simple song,
Not uninspir'd, since ev'ry healthful breeze
(The breath of Spring) that gently sweeps along
The rippling river, or that stirs the trees,
Now budding fresh, awakes the numbers tame,
And fans the power of song into a stronger flame.

Pleased on thy lovely scenes I turn my eyes :
The rolling river's winding course I view,
And see the beauteous cheerful azure skies
Reflected on its breast, a deeper blue ;
Along its banks some clusters evergreen

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of spruce and fir stand tap'ring in the air,
The graceful remnants of the sylvan scene ;
When reigning forests held dominion there.
Isle of the sea ! how chang'd the prospect now,
How soon before thy sons the stately forests bow !

How fertile fields the forest's place supply—
Delightful landscapes, when Aurora's beam
spreads crimson blushes on the Orient sky,
and cheers the ploughman whistling to his team.
and beautiful, at noon, when the bright sun
turns the declining scale to measure day ;
but lovelier, when, at eve, his journey run,
He sinks in beds of downy gold away,
Kindly withdraws his beams, in rosy smiles,
To give thy ploughmen rest and brighten other Isles.

inging thy praises, shall the muse forget
The tributary Islands round thy shores ;
By nature plac'd, as sentinels of State,
To beautify thy coast or guard thy stores.
Or haply formerly, fair Isle ! of thee
A part integral, all these Islets stood,
Till, by the rude convulsive energy
Of sund'ring earthquake, or resistless flood,
They lost thy warm embrace, their birthright claims,
But gain'd enchantment's grace and independent
names.

First of the throng, and pride of Richmond Bay,
Romantic Lennox ! let me turn to thee :
Around thy beach how Fancy loves to stray,
And trace the beauty of thy scenery !
Home of the exil'd Micmac's dwindled race,
Still in thy shades their rinded camps they spread,
And here, perforce restricted in the chase,
They cultivate the soil for daily bread.
Here also stands, in pleasing prospect fair,
And sheds a hallow'd grace, the Indian's house
of prayer.

St Peter's, Governor's, Panmure, Boughten all—
Fair gems, that to thy southern coast belong,
Shall promptly answer to the Muse's call,
And spread fresh beauties henceforth known to song.
Like precious gems, embowel'd in the mine.
(Unpolish'd brilliants worthy of renown)
These spots enchanting, destin'd yet to shine
As jewels in a reigning monarch's crown,
Unnotic'd long enough, have sweetly bloom'd,
Without one "tuneful line," to heartless silence
doom'd.

Prince Edward ! fair and fertile Island home !
May ne'er thy sons, at wild ambition's call,
Be tempted from thy happy shores to roam,
To increase at Oregon their fortune small !

Vain hope ! if sweet contentment is not found
Where health enthron'd and plenty cheer our
 . hearts,
Not Illinois, nor famed Australia's ground,
Can yield that blessing which the mind imparts.
Thither let discontented wanderers go,
Till, by experience taught, this doubted truth they
 know.

My native Isle ! fit subject for the lays
Of sweeter minstrel, still the prompting power,
Which led me simply to attempt thy praise
Shall sweetly prompt me to my latest hour :
For, bound to thee by nature's tender ties,
To thee I feel my warmest wish must flow
Thy verdant fields, thy placid summer skies,
Thy loaded Autumns, and thy Winter's snow—
All nearest to my thought, if reason reigns,
Must ever prompt the song, while love of song
 remains.

THE ISLAND ADRIPT.

The sky of politics was clear,
No cloud portended danger near,
And glorious sunshine lent its grace,
To brighten Whig and Tory's face :
The rival parties might be seen,
In confab, mind with mind,
With faces beaming as serene
As if were buried all their spleen,
And *animus* unkind.
Where Watson's door of drug store stands,
You might observe them shaking hands,
Like worthy brothers all ;
And no whit kinder could they be,
If physic'd into charity,
By drugs had there, or else at the
Apothecaries' Hall !
But oft the sky's serenest form,
Is but a prelude to the storm,
And so in Charlottetown :
While all seemed peaceable and well,
Sir Donald Campbell broke the spell
That bound the wind—why ? none could tell,
Nor keenest scent beforehand smell
The storm in which the Assembly fell,
In fearful ruin down.

Philosophers may strive in vain,
The freaks of nature to explain;
But all that tribe, so wond'rous wise,
Can never solve her mysteries,
Or read her riddles plain !
High soaring thro' the solar way,
They're very apt to get astray,
Perhaps to turn their brain !—
So when this storm did fury gain,
From cloudless sky a hurricane,
The moving cause was far from plain—
And *Conroy* shouted might and main,
And raised to mouth his hand ;
And high was heard above the blast
His voice, " the Island's drifting fast,
" Birch Bagster's crisis here at last :
" Be lively, boys, cut down the mast,
" We'll be on Nova Scotia cast
" That foggy, barren land ! "
Then *Robert Mooney*—honest soul—
With feeling strong above control ;
Indignant such a noise to hear,
Did upright stand—and ev'ry ear
Was bent in list'ning mood,—
And thus queth he—" brave Island boys,
" Let nothing take you by surprise,
" The storm may do us good ;

“ The roaring wind doth counsel lend,
“ That we should on ourselves depend,
“ And mind what we’re about,
“ And not cry out like frighten’d men
“ Before we’re hurt—in Flinty Glen,
“ Are plenty stones—what danger then ?
“ Let’s tie a *boulder* to the chain,
“ And though the storm as loud again
“ Should roar, we’ll ride it out.”

Now fury and confusion reign’d,
To save themselves all tugg’d and strain’d ;
The tories look’d in terror round,
The whigs cried out “ we’ll all be drown’d ! ”
And, jostling rudely, did aspire
To climb q’er tories’ shoulders higher—
As may be thought, this rais’d their ire,
And friendship ceas’d to be—

The snarlers claim’d the starboard side,
The snatchers curs’d their saucy pride,
And many a lusty effort tried
To push them to the lee.

And now were many wordy blows,
Hurl’d headlong at opposing foes,
Who firm and with unbroken brain
Did send them thund’ring back again :
Lost were all thoughts of shipwreck now,
In noise of this stupendous row !

While ever and anon,
 In hope of gain some chang'd their coats,
 And others offer'd bribes for votes,
 So hardly were they run !
 But while went on this furious strife
 Wherewith the atmosphere was rife,
 And battle dubious hung,
 Could no one born of woman say
 Where *Douse* and *Longworth* were that day ?
 Heroes of many a bloodless fray,—
 And famous men among
 The tory tribe, and *Jemmy Yeo*,
 "What" or "wherever" did he go ?
 Not on the ground to strike one blow,
 One snatcher's eye to bung !
 But all the deeds of daring done,
 The muse could never think upon,
 How to the charge brave *Warburton*
 Led on the western van ;
 And *Dennis Joe McDonald* tried
 The mettle of the eastern side ;—
Haszard, with *Longworth John* allied,
 Their gallant spirits well applied,
 And how to break the Doctor's pride,
 Lord charg'd him to try on !
 But Oh ! I'm fairly out of wind,
 Though much to say is left behind,
 Or better left alone,

So let them charge, or fight, or fly
 Or in the contest live or die,
 It shall not cost the muse a sigh,
 "The glory's all their own!"

ON THE PUBLICATION OF THE "ISLANDER"
 NEWSPAPER, 1843.

Wont an Irishman fight for his countryman born,
 And belabor the party would *trate* him with
 scorn?—

Sure to differ in county or creed is but small,
 And an Irishman's name more than covers it all.

Dont the Highlandman's house to the stranger be-
 long,

If that stranger have *gælic* to help him along?
 With this recommendation, I'll venture my life,
 He'll be welcome to ev'ry thing else but the wife.

So the name of an *Islander* gladdens the ear,
 And ensures from the natives protection and cheer,
 For marked would the churl be, with lasting dis-
 grace,
 That would close his front door in an Islander's
 face!

Now my brave honest Islander, list while I tell
You the truth without flatt'ry—I like you right well,
But I will not aver, as some false lovers do,
With a lie on their lips, "I like no one but you."

But cringe not nor truckle wherever you go,
Always keep independence and honor in view,
Still continue to walk by integrity's rule,
Nor despise good advice tho' it comes from a fool.

I'll not "Haszard" a name, tho' some parties may
choose

To think none but themselves ought to "Herald"
the news,

But such selfish contracted opinions must fall,
And, but pull without crowding, there's room for
you all.

But a few scratches more ere I lay down my pen,
For the humor may not come upon me again,
I would further advise, you may do as you please,
That you straightway adopt resolutions like these.

Resolved—that as total exemption from strife,
Is the fortunate state of no business in life,
The "Islander" never shall leave the fair track,
To provoke his compeers by a wanton attack.

But if, jostling and pushing, they use him unfair,
If in snow-drifted roads they want more than their
share,

Then, resolved, that he will not be backward to show
What an insulted Islander's able to do!

And since public opinion, not faultless I own,—
Mostly judges of men by the coats they have on,
Then resolved, that the Islander never appear,
In a garment so thin that it's certain to tear.

And if ever the wasp and moscheto unite,
To vex and annoy him for nothing but spite,—
Then, "if no better means of revenge shall be known,
Be it further resolved that he let them alone."

ON THE ELEVATION OF MR. PETERS TO THE
JUDGESHIP.

Judge Jarvis of the legal bench,
Had seen a better day,
Ere Farther Time had powdered o'er
His locks with silver grey;
When, full of saws and maxims wise,
Upon the legal throne,
He sat—surrounded by the bar—
And judged the law alone.

But wisdom, nor integrity,
Nor birth, nor fortune can
Ward off the heavy stroke of age,
That falls on mortal man ;
Decrepitude assailed him,
Upon the legal throne,
He wanted one to help him do
What erst he did alone !

A learned long solicitor,
A friend in time of need,
By order from the higher powers,
Was thereupon decreed
To mount with him the legal bench,
To scan indictments' flaws,
And set him right, if he went wrong,
In judgment of the laws.

And here I cannot but observe,
What often has been proved,
How much it moves the smaller fry,
When bigger fish are moved ;
Another long solicitor
Was wanted in the stead
Of him who had promotion gained,
By fortune upwards led.

So then, by virtue of the power
Invested in the crown,
The other long solicitor
Received a silken gown ;
A very pretty gown, indeed !
As ever lawyer wore,
And costly more by far than that
He had to wear before !

But, forasmuch as that same gown
Was fringed—if you please—
With divers large emoluments,
And hemmed around with fees ;
An Island Statute did require
That he should straightway go
Back to the hustings, and enquire
Of Harry, Dick, and Joe,

If they were still content, that he
Who stood before them there,
Should in the Assembly's lower House,
Yet occupy a chair,
To represent the burghers fat,
And lean, of every grade,
And frame enactments, to protect
Our thriving Island trade ?

And now a glorious chance was this,
By changes brought about,
To make another change, and keep
The long, lean lawyer out—
Old Vulcan kindled up in wrath,
And poked his smutty fire,
And swore his son should have the seat
As sure as he was *sire* ;

Because his son had made a speech
On nomination day,
Upon protection to our trade,
Which made e'en P——r say,
Of all the orators in Town
That none appear'd to be,
To represent the *tradesmen's* rights,
So competent as he !

If these were not the very words,
He understood them so,—
And now the bellows he should quit,
Nor strike another blow
On vulgar steel, or iron red,
But go to legislate ;
And weld the breaches of the laws
And fractures of the state !

Then such another hubbuboo
As did assail our ears !
And all of it occasioned by
That lawyer's *hopes* and *fears* !
Young Vulcan said, that pledged to him
Were good three hundred votes,
Of tradesmen staunch, who, he was sure,
Would never turn their coats.

The long Solicitor aghast
Stood, when he heard the news,
And look'd "unutterable things,"
And shook in both his shoes !
And 'tis supposed by supersti-
Tious persons in the Town,
He wish'd he had the seat again,
The d——l had the gown !

A meeting next was held in Town,
All to investigate
On which side this young Vulcan meant
To pillar up the State ?
And 'twas proposed that he should still
Continue on to blow
With COLES,—the same as he had blown
In the old forge below !

Was ever proposition made
 Like this to mortal born?—
 The indignant smith rejected it,
 With *most indignant* scorn,
 And, wishing nothing, but to serve
 His Queen and Country's weal,
 Went back, a wiser man, to hammer
 Bars of blister steel.

“ Let not Ambition mock his useful toil,
 His homely joys and destiny obscure ;”
*Nor the long lawyer look with scornful smile
 Until his own election be secure.*

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1850.

How rapidly the moments waste,
 From New Year's unto New Year's day !
 How swiftly flies, in eager haste,
 Our little span of life away !

Like magic pictures to the eye,
 That flit, ere well distinct they seem
 Our time in visions passes by,
 All shadowy as a morning dream !

The flow'ry Spring, its fragrant breath
 Exhales in Summer's sober charms,
 And Summer, crowned with many a wreath,
 Soon fading, falls in Autumn's arms.

Anon, wild Winter claims the right
 To reach his frosted sceptre round :
 Autumn admits his sovereign might,
 And spreads his glories on the ground.

Thus all the seasons swiftly fly,
 And, when reviewed at last, they seem
 Like magic pictures to the eye,
 Or thoughts of some oblivious dream.

Life's seasons, too, as soon succeed,
 And run their little round as fast ;
 We scarce can trace their eager speed,
 Or mark the changes, ere they're past.

An infant-smile, with witching grace,
 Plays o'er the maiden's features fair,
 Then passes to the matron's face,
 To lose itself in wrinkles there.

The rosy boy, in thoughtless glee,
 Soon spends his childhood's happy days ;
 The youth essays the man to be,
 And emulate his father's ways ;

But soon he finds, when manhood strong
 A few short years has coped with care,
 Age steals with silent steps along,
 And sprinkles frost upon his hair.

Thus all life's seasons swiftly fly!—
 And, when reviewed at last, will seem,
 Like magic pictures to the eye,
 Or fragments of a broken dream.

THE STATE SWEEPSTAKS.

PART I.—THE PROSPECT.

To give an account of this beautiful race,
 The jockeys, the jennies, the time, and place,
 Would require a hand as able
 As the powerful arm of Hercules,
 'Bout which mythologists make such a fuss,
 With which, though unlikely, it seems to us,
 He cleaned out the *Augean* stable

The prizes in prospect were rich and rare,
 And the course was clear for whoever might dare
 To ride in the race of my story.

The judges decided, to settle the din,
That the foremost horse should first come in,
And then, as a *matter of course*, should win
The prize, the plaudits, and glory.

The Treasury cup was a splendid thing,
And well worth running for, round the ring,
By horse, or gelding, or pony ;
A piece of plate, both massy and old,
Which whilom was won, as I've been told,
By Spenser, not Sydney Smith the bold,
Who was more than a match for Boney.

And many a fancy this cup inspir'd,
And many and high were the hopes it fir'd
Through many a breast in the nation :
'Twas a *whisky* flagon, of classic design,
But might, on occasions, be used for wine :
Off all other flagons it took the shine
For beautiful *ornamentation* !

One side of the cup had a bass-relief
Of something like Phaeton, that fugitive thief
That with fire endanger'd our planet ;
But, instead of Phaeton careering astray,
Great George in a chariot was posting away,
Drawn fleetly along by a powerful dray
That through the elements ran it.

Then the *Haviland* cup, for the horse most fleet,
Was the golden prize for the second heat ;
And many did wish they might win it :
And well worth winning was it for him
Who had the luck !—from bottom to brim
It was cover'd outside with ornament trim,
And the *marriage* fees within it !

Next, the “Printer’s purse,” upon which were seen,
All richly emblazon’d, the arms of the Queen,
And the knot of the string that bound it :
Transverse were the signs of the Printing trade,
And a thumping big loaf of the Government bread,
With the editors all, *John*, *Jemmy*, and *Ned*,
And the Printers’ devils around it.

Then another race, to vary the fun,
For the purse of the Excise had to be run ;
But the jockeys began to parley
About its value, and what it would hold
If filled with silver, or stuffed with gold :
Rae thought it was light, if the truth were told,
So ’twas carried off home by *Charlie*.

’Twas also decided, before they were done,
That the donkey races should all be run ;
For racing was all the passion :

A stir on the turf had never been seen
 Like this, since Albert married the Queen,
 Or the nimble "Micmac" cover'd the green
 When Croker's was yet in fashion

PART II.—GATHERING TO SEE THE SPORT.

Occurrences meet us at every turn,
 From which we "some lesson of wisdom might
 learn,"

Were we only so wise as to con it:
 For the lovers of sport—what a numerous throng!
 And those who consider that racing is wrong,
 Here's a peg for all parties sufficiently strong
 To hang up a moral upon it.

If the market be brisk, or otherwise dull,
 If the church on a sabbath be empty, or full,
 Depends on the state of the weather:
 Not so with the crowds to the races who go;
 They care not for rain, or how hard it may blow,
 As, lur'd by the scent when the carcass lies low,
 The eagles will gather together.

From point of the east, where Aurora's first red
 Doth blush, in the morning, on Scotchmen in bed,
 To the other "Ultima Thule,"

The cape of the west, where the evening sun
Dips into the wave when his journey is done,
Like a *genderless* horse, impatient to run,
The Island seem'd getting unruly !

Responsible races ! the thrill of that sound,
Like fire among stubble, ran over the ground,
And hundreds of two-legged pacers,
From ev'ry place you could mention or find—
The laddies so braw, and the lassies so kind,
The young and the old, the halt and the *blind*,
Must all have a peep at the racers !

First, *aRonld of Tulloch*, fam'd chieftain of old,
Came on, at the head of his clansmen so bold,
With an indescribable canter ;
Next follow'd an old Highland Piper, to play
The fatigues of a fifty-mile journey away ;
And few were the Scotchmen at home who could stay
When they once heard the sound of his chanter.

The fierce Tracadonies, Glenaladale's clan,
For fun, feud, or foray, turn'd out to a man ;
With shouting the country resounded :
Among them were those who, to gratify spleen,
Burnt a cottage and barn that stood on the green,
Fir'd a shot at their Chief, son of Tracadie's Queen,
And well nigh the coronach sounded !

These, flocking in droves, came, and, westwardly
more,
Came swarms from the Capes and the New London
shore,
Beating hollow a Gen'ral Election ;
For Paddy, *avourneen*, and Sandy, and John,
And the Rustico French, with their moccassins on,
In this vortex of sporting together were drawn,
And all in a raceward direction.

" Responsible races ! " was shouted amain,
Responsible races ! was echoed again ;
And every voice that was able,
To the chorus that rang through the country
around,
Lent its quantum of noise, until it was found
That the dogs, upon hearing this terrible sound,
Ran howling from kennel to stable !

Perchance they might howl, if dogs can presage,
As some think they can, in this wonderful age,
To think of forthcoming disasters :
For the records of racing, in country and town,
Will certify this, that many a crown
Went sound to the races, but, crack'd on the
ground,
Came home again cover'd with plasters,

PART III.—THE BLOODS.

The morning was fine, the way was clear ;
Caparison'd richly the coursers were there ;

The dust hadn't time to settle :
For prancing about and frothing like soap,
The champing steeds, with their *mettle* up,
Were straining to start for each precious cup
Of a different kind of *metal*.

The bloods to start for the Treasury prize
Were of different countries, color and size,

Whichever might happen to win it.
The brewer's *Bounce* was—as breeders say—
By "*Cupidity*" out of an Iron gray,
Remotely from "*Childers*," fam'd in his day
For running a mile in a minute.

Next, *Rushlight Will*, that of old did browse,
When a colt, on the banks of the river Ouse,
And was sired by *Wiry Walter*
From a fancy dam, of pedigree rare,
Descended from *Bess*, Dick Turpin's mare,
That gallop'd from London to York thro' the air,
And sav'd his neck from the halter.

For the *Haviland* cup, the second prize,
Which made such an unaccountable noise
Among the *response able* gentry—
Three mettlesome steeds as you'd wish to see,
Sound in wind and in limb, and warranted free
From vicious habits of ev'ry degree,
Were nam'd on the book of entry.

First, the "Aberdeen blue," an out and out dash,
That trotted like thunder and gallop'd like flash,
Was bred a regular *Rae, Sir!*
Though some did affirm—be it said to their shame,
That envied his breeding or wish'd for his fame,
From his rawness of bone they were. certain he
came
From a lean "Narraganset" pacer.

Next, western *Warblington* stood on the course,
A regular thorough-bred Irish horse,
From the grand Port Arlington drubber,
That inherited all the mettle and fire
Of great "*Foigh-a-ballach*," his grandfather's sire,
That all the world knows was a beauty *entire*,
Without any India Rubber.

Who made up the trio?—perhaps not to tell
Till the race is all over might answer as well,
Could I only persuade you to think it;

But if you insist all my secrets to share,
 Why, guess, and I'll tell you, I freely declare,
 For I can't view the question at all as unfair,
 Tho' some might be ready to blink it.

Then, hurra for the steeds ! and for every steed,
 A fig for his country, or color, or breed ;
 Had I thousands to stake, I might bet them.
 When bright, golden cups depend on a chase,
 A good deal of stir will be seen in that place ;
 And the hindermost horses will forfeit the race,
 While those that run fastest will get them.

THE ISLAND VOLUNTEERS.

AIR.—*The Royal Fusileers.*

" To hero bound for battle strife,
 Or bard, of martial lay,
 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
 One glance at their array !" —SCOTT.

Come, kittle up a cheerful air,
 A lively, martial strain,
 The Spring returns, and fancy yearns
 To breathe in song again—

The loyal Muse cannot but choose
To raise three hearty cheers !
And pledge a health, long life and wealth,
To Pollard's Volunteers !

To Pollard's Volunteers, my boys !
The ENGLISH Volunteers !
And Croply, too, the Serjeant true,
That trained the Volunteers !

Nor shall the Muse her praise refuse
To Captain Rankin's *corps*,
Another band, that ready stand,
To guard our *native* shore :
Fill out a flowing bumper, then,
Health ! honors ! wealth and years !
To Captain Rankin's gallant men,
The HIGHLAND Volunteers !

The Highland Volunteers, my boys !
To Rankin's Volunteers,
O'Brien, too, that ' put them through,'
That drill'd the Volunteers !

No more shall we defenceless be,
When dread Invasion comes—
For yet we boast another host,
To " sentinel our homes."

"*Erin go Bragh!*" one loud hurra!

The company appears!

All dress'd in green, to serve the Queen,

The IRISH Volunteers!

The Irish Volunteers, my boys,

The Irish Volunteers!

Selectest joys to *Erin's* boys,

The Irish Volunteers.

And so the English *Rose* is seen,

And Scotia's *Prickly Pride*,

And Ireland's *Shamrock* evergreen,

All growing side by side:

Long may they grow, and bud, and blow,

To grace succeeding years;

And long may we *united* see

Our Island Volunteers!

The Island Volunteers, my boys,

PRINCE EDWARD'S Volunteers!

Long, long may we *united* see

Our Island Volunteers!

Yes! ever hence, for our defence,

Our liberties and lives,

We need not fear for children dear,

For sweethearts, or for wives.

Let foreign foes but show their nose—
Our valiant Volunteers,
With rifles true, will drill them through
While puss would rub her ears!

While puss would rub her ears, my boys,
While puss would rub her ears!
Our *Rifles* true will drill 'em through
While puss would rub her ears!

SPRING'S HOLIDAY.

Now surly winter's storms are o'er,
The air is keen with frost no more,
Descends the soft refreshing rain,
And meadows "flourish green again;"
All nature smiling looks so gay,
You'd think Spring held a holiday.

The air is balmy, mild, and clear,
The warbling choristers appear;
Sweet music greets the early dawn,
Sweet flow'rets deck the sunny lawn;
And sportive lambs frisk full of play,
To welcome Spring's fair holiday.

ose—
through
!
ears, my boys,
ears!
em through
ears!
Its gladd'ning light the sunbeam throws
And sparkling bright the river flows;
E'en on the rude unshelter'd shore,
The restless surges cease to roar;
For stormy winds their fury stay,
To honor Spring's fair holiday.

The least the muse and I can do,
Is then to honor nature too,
To seat ourselves 'neath some green shade,
Of spreading birch trees' branches made,
And sing all sorrow far away
On Spring's delightful holiday.

Our song shall rise in tuneful air,
Unsadden'd by one note of care;
We'll taste the bliss the day bestows,
Forgetful of to-morrow's woes,
Since who on earth is wise to say,
He'll see the next Spring's holiday?

But is it so?—can no one tell,
Can no one break the purblind spell?
Ah me! that sad uncertain thought
With sorrow's heaviest gloom is fraught,
Earth's fairest forms entomb'd may lay
Before the next Spring's holiday.

And those who live,—thus sings the Muse—
Must live to look on sterner views :
Those flowers, so beautiful that bloom,
Shall shortly lose their sweet perfume ;
Their brightest hues must fade away,
The scentless leaves themselves decay,
And Flora's train, in pensive hours,
Shall mourn the fate of dying flowers.
September's winds again shall rave,
And madly lash the raging wave,
Whose wrath the mariner shall mock,
And dash his vessel on the rock.
Of this sweet shade October's blast
The crisping leaves shall wildly cast,
In frantic circles through the air,
And leave the stems and branches bare.
The dark November's sleeting rain
And scowling wind must sweep the plain ;
To shelter run the shiv'ring droves,
And not a song shall cheer the groves.
But here the Muse serenely smil'd,
As if by pleasing thought beguil'd,
And, to the vaulted, azure sky
She rais'd her clear, prophetic eye,
Sublime, beyond the sight of men,
And higher than the eagle's ken ;

Faith strengthen'd still the vision strong,
 Then turning, she resum'd her song :
 In fairest worlds beyond the tomb
 The loveliest flowers immortal bloom ;
 He that secures an entrance there
 May sing his descant free from care ;
 For there are no inclement skies,
 There stormy winds can never rise ;
 Upon that happy tranquil coast,
 No shatter'd barque is tempest tost,
 But peace, with joy supreme, obtains,
 And full fruition ever reigns ;
 Thence wand'ring Spring shall never stray,
 But hold eternal holiday.

THE OLD TRADE, "BASKET MAKING."

For epochs and ages the rushes had been,
 By the rivers and marshes, with *bulrushes* green,
 Growing, tall in their season, in flourishing pride,
 But in Autumn the rushes turn'd yellow, and died !

What a marvel that rushes should so be forgot,
 And only grow green to turn mouldy and rot,
 And no one conceive what a brisk thriving trade
 Might be driven, if baskets from rushes were made !

To the West India Islands our commerce might
glide,
And windward and leeward be richly supplied
With the rush manufacture, and then we might
see,
In return, loads of sugar to sweeten our tea.

But often, aye, often, we're struck with surprise
To think from small matters what great ones arise,
And this big speculation, this project so ripe,
Took its rise—can you think it?—from beating
for snipe!

None now who will work need be out of employ,—
What with cutting and spreading the rushes to dry,
And stacking, and such preparations for trade,
As can't be dispens'd with ere baskets are made.

Long live the projector to try his own hand,
At the rush and mat business, to rise in this land,
And receive due applause for his project so ripe,
Which has struck him so forcibly "beating for
snipe!"

SONG OF THE "DISCONTENTS,"

ON THE DECISION OF THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY
ON THE SUBJECT OF VACANCIES, 1844.

That period delusive we long shall remember,
And think on its issue with sorrow and pain,
When "liberty's sun," in the month of December,
Peep'd only to be overclouded again.

Not the mariner's eye, in the dismal confusion
That reigns over night when disputing with day,
E'er convey'd to the mind a more pleasing illusion
To vanish in dark disappointment away.

We had call'd the chief men of our forces together,
And with loud declamation, approaching uproar,
Had made it appear there was "nothing like
leather;"
Good, suitable, tough agitation once more.

We had found a new subject for dissatisfaction,
Forsook the old grievance, "the tenure of soil,"
And exploded the Bill for a penal exaction,
Which libell'd the peaceable sons of our Isle.

We had carped at the head of the administration,
Shewn how justly unpopular Government stood,
Lent Responsible rule our best recommendation,
And shewn *its* advantage as well as we could.

To the *Pontiff** himself we had written our letters,
And dinn'd in his ears the defects of the law ;
But, behold ! when we looked for his breaking our
fettters,
He fasten'd them tighter by mending the flaw.

Thus the swift sailing bark, with a brisk bounding
motion,
May open the port on the mariner's view,
But a change in the wind drive her back to the
ocean,
And founder the fond cherish'd hopes of her crew !

So sunk are the hopes of our high expectation ;
We have learned to our cost that ambition is vain ;
Now it only remains that we learn resignation,
Nor venture to swim upon bladders again.

* Hon. Joseph Pope.

HIGH-BLOOD AND HAIR-TRIGGERS.

Arrah ! honey machree, did you hear of the fight,
For the likes was'nt heard of before,
Of the terrible *dewl* that took place t'other night
Whin the gintlemen met on the shore,
Wid pistols each other to kill or to wing ;
And the *rason* so simple to tell,
For the quarrel was, which of the town should be
king
When the Governor went to Morell.

And *Werand*, the illigant poet, they say,
At home, wid the pistol or pen,
Wid the Georgestown mimber the fairest of play
Wint to shew to the *deweling* men :
And the finest of canisther powder was found,
And the best of hair-triggers to boot,
And the *seconds* wint *first* all to measure the
ground,
And to give them the token to shoot.

They stood overright twenty paces apart,
Two beautiful *dewlers* entire !
But the brewer, they say, gave a terrible start
When the pistol of *Parchment* struck fire !

And you'd think that himself was all shatter'd in
bits

Wid the noise that wint up in the air !
Enough to scare Buonaparte out of his wits,
Or duke *Willinton* if he was there !

And, it's what they all say was the crame of the
joke,

On the top of this *murtherin* spree
They both wint stone blind wid the dust of the
smoke,

And no lawyer the brewer could see.
So, says he thin, to hit you I never need try,
You're as thin in the waist as a loon ;
And he pointed his *calibore* up at the sky,
And let bang at "the man in the moon."

LOSS OF THE FAIRY QUEEN,

IN

NORTHUMBERLAND STRAIT,

OCTOBER 7TH, 1853.

TO EDWARD LANGLEY LYDIARD, ESQUIRE.

DEAR SIR;

With feelings of gratitude to Him "who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand," for his signal interposition in the rescue of yourself and other survivors of the late calamitous Shipwreck of the Fairy Queen, I take the liberty of dedicating the following verses, commemorative of that heart-rending event, to one whose efforts in behalf of his *deserted* and suffering fellow-passengers, and whose firm faith and fortitude, evinced on that trying occasion, will long live in the remembrance of his fellow-townsmen, and be admired by none more than by,

Sir,

Your very sincere friend

and well-wisher,

JOHN LE PAGE.

Central Academy,

1st November, 1853.

LOSS OF THE FAIRY QUEEN.

I.

THE INTRODUCTION.

Sad is the burden of my song,
A tale of death and human wrong ;
Involving deeds of such disgrace
As seldom shame the human race.
No fancy sketch ! no trifling theme !
Ah ! would it were an airy dream !
But sternest truth—which takes the form,
Of midnight murder in a storm !

II.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

Seldom by mortals has been seen
A boat like that same Fairy Queen :
While all must hope, as honest men,
Her like may not be seen again !
By judges good pronounc'd a *bore*
When first she voyag'd to our shore ;
Condemn'd upon the Fundy seas,
And trembling to the Summer breeze !
Not fashion'd like another Boat :
A baited man-trap ! set afloat

Without proportion, *ropes*, or strength;
 And, from her most prodigious length,
 By superstition judg'd to be
 The genuine "Serpent of the Sea!"
 Old, rotten, leaky, insecure!
 And, like a sepulchre impure,
 Where bones amid corruption lie,
 Was paint-besmeared to please the eye,
 While speculating for the *trade*,
 Before her trial trip was made,
 Many surmis'd she would not suit
 In Autumn's gales, on such a *route*;
 And, more in earnest than in jest,
 Such thought was currently express'd.
 Alas! alas! the Fairy Queen!
 Her fate was easily foreseen—
 There needed no prophetic skill
 Thus to forbode approaching ill,
 Or see the *wraith* of coming *wreck*,
 Plain as the gallows on her deck!

III.

THE SURVEY!

The acts of private life should be
 From censure and from satire free:
 All have their failings: he with none,
 And only he, should "cast the stone."

The wretch, who dares, at envy's call,
To dip his pen in ink of gall,
'Mongst friendly folk to kindle strife,
And blacken shades of private life,
Deserves,—and may he never miss
A scornful, hearty, public hiss !
But public acts of public men
Are all fair game—here's at them, then !
The Fairy Queen had come for *trade*,
(Of course she had to be survey'd),
Whatever confidence might be
In Whitney plac'd, security
Made more secure was wanted still,
That she was *able* to fulfil
In handsome style—with safety too—
The business which she had to do !
Say what you will, it is no joke
To buy a pig within a *poke* :
Men now-a-days, we may aver,
“ Are wiser than their fathers were ! ”
Witness—if any doubt there be—
The steamboat wonders which we see !
Witness the telegraphic wires,
Where *swifter* news the lightning tires !
Witness, the railroads too abroad—
What pageantry “ to turn the sod ! ”

All, flitting past the fancy, seem
The framework of some morning dream !
Which tells us, half asleep in bed,
" 'Tis time to rise and go ahead ! "

Pardon this little episode—
These railroads lead me off my road,
The muse pursues her headlong way,
But loses sight of the survey !
So to our tale—in prose or rhyme,
There's nought like one thought at a time.

" When Hope indulges visions bright,"
One lovely, balmy Summer night,
Some Councillors might have been seen
Passing on board the Fairy Queen,
A formal trial trip to make ;
And all supposed them *wide awake* !
When cause exists for public blame,
'Tis folly Councillors to name !
The cap remains, a public pawn,
He whom it fits may put it on !
Yes, some of them, we're bold to say,
Were competent for that survey—
By building ships had earned their food,
Had used the *tools*, and knew the wood !
Then, to remove all cause of fear,
Was shipped an extra Engineer,

Who something knew !—tho' envy said,
" No further than the Blacksmith's trade."
Some say (how many *says* there be,
They surely were not there to see),
That Whitney took them by surprise,
Drew Neptune's *night-cap* o'er their eyes ;
Mysterious thing, of potent charm,
To make the blood and spirits warm,
And fill the brain with phantasies
Which cheat the sense, but fancy please.
Thus entertain'd, no more they knew !
Fancy had reason's work to do ;
And while did last the powerful spell,
They must suppose that all was well !
All this is very strange—say you ?—
Admitted, still it may be true :
Some *facts are* strange ! for chemists know
Objects of ordinary show
In lovely violet colors shine
Seen through the fumes of Iodine !
But, true or false, one fact is clear,
They all returned in safety here,
Unscath'd by either fire or flood—
Had tried and then pronounced her—good !
The country knows—without my pen—
Which bull-frog croaked the loudest then !

IV.

HER LAST CREW.

Her Crew ! and who or what were they ?
In sooth, 'tis very hard to say !
What were they ? is it asked again ?
Not British *seamen*—that is plain.
Who ever heard of *British* tars
By frightful shipwreck or by wars
In peril placed—deserting there
The lives entrusted to their care ?
No ! deeds of such eternal shame
Disgrace not British seamen's name—
Theirs often it has been to show
Such qualities as heroes know—
To plunge into a wat'ry grave
Some fellow-creature's life to save,
And win a reputation great,
Which still survives *in spite of fate* !
Such VOLNEY BECKNER, was thy deed !
And such thy glorious lasting meed !
The schoolboy, as he learns thy fame,
Still *freshens* with a tear thy name,
Admires and sees, with glist'ning eye,
The hero in the 'Sailor boy ;'—
Thy monument, his memory,
More richly spic'd thou couldst not be !

So fares the brave ! but Fate decrees,
On quiet land or stormy seas,
The coward's memory shall rot,
For infamy is best forgot :
But here the Muse must veil the view,
And not prejudge the craven crew,
Must leniently the curtain draw,
And shut them to their country's law.

V.

THE SHIPWRECK.

The Summer's reign had passed away,
And Autumn come with short'ning day.
Most things—as things in Autumn do—
Began to wear a sombre hue.
The lovely landscape, fresh and grand,
As sketched by Summer's softer hand,
In lively green, now fading, wore
More varied colors than before.
The winds were bleak—trees getting bare,
The ravag'd foliage fill'd the air ;
No longer warblers set to tune
Their mellow throats !—it was not June.
October's winds began to rave,
And lift the angry, troubled wave.
The sailor, voyaging the seas,
Could seldom trust the fickle breeze,

Which often—ere he trimm'd his sail—
Would freshen fast into a gale,
Rocking the sea-boy fast asleep,
In danger cradled, on the deep!

VI.

At such a season, last was seen
Slow steaming off, the Fairy Queen,
Already more than half a wreck,
With youth and beauty on her deck!
Ah! little thought that hapless band,
As they receded from the land,
That some at least should never more
Set foot again upon the shore!
But hark! the wind doth freshen now,
And curl the foam around the prow.
She ships a sea!—no cause for fear—
None apprehended danger near.
As yet no bosom heaves a sigh;
Hope, beaming, brightens every eye!
Some passengers had spread their sails
On rougher seas, in heavier gales!
They feel upon the angry sea
A fatal, false security.
Yes! little deem'd they hope should fail,
And wan despair, with visage pale,
Usurp her place, and they, forlorn,

Be left to death's embrace ere morn !
Yet so it happ'd. O sudden blow !
Disastrous day ! and night of wo !
What sad reverses did ye bring !
How shall the Muse the contrast sing ?
Some met that morning's rosy dawn
With bosoms light as bounding fawn,
Which throb'd at visionary joys,
Spread out by Hope to fancy's eyes.
The young, the delicate, the fair,
The chaste, the beautiful were there,
Who vainly hop'd, ere long, to be
With friends they never more must see—
At least till Time's last hour has sped,
And "greedy Seas restore their dead !"

VII.

'Tis now a gale ! with gales to cope
How frail a rotten tiller-rope ?
It breaks ! none to replace it *new*.
Before 'tis splic'd she broaches to !
The shade of night approaches fast,
And danger is discern'd at last ;
The vessel has no steerage way !
The crazy engines cease to play ;
And stronger now their gathering fears,
They seek the dusky engineers

To know the cause—who surely seem
Remiss in getting up the steam.
What tongue shall now the truth declare?
The fires are all extinguished there;
In furnace dry a flame may roar,
And in bilge-water burn no more.
But now of raging waves the sport,
The *knotted* tiller-rope too short,
They strive to steer without avail,
To turn her head, hoist forward sail.
But naught will veer her sluggish bow,
And hope seems fast expiring now;
They speak their fears with lab'ring breath,
Then anchor on the banks of death.

VIII.

And grimly glares the eye of fate;
The boat is in a sinking state!
The crew *insulting* from the first,
The passengers *must* fear the worst.
Pumps choked! as useless as the sail!
Their only hope is now to bail!
She lurches, trembles, settles to,
In spite of all that they can do.
Yet still they "wage unequal strife,"
And work like men who work for life,
To pour the floods which flow amain.

In ocean's raging breast again.
But vain is their laborious toil,
The leak increases all the while;
And sink she must!—but while she floats,
They think of safety in the boats!
'Tis almost useless here to say
That both the boats were stol'n away!
And they *deserted* to their doom,
A sudden death, and wat'ry tomb!
The crew *themselves*—no lots were drawn—
Have slipp'd the painter and are gone!
The passengers upon the wreck
Entreat them, *threaten*, urge them back,
Implore their help in plaintive tones,
(Such accents might have soften'd stones)
“For Heaven's, if not for pity's sake
Return—and but the *females* take!
We're *men*! and tho' 'tis hard to die,
For women's sake who would not try!
At midnight black, in such a state,
They are abandon'd to their fate!
A heavier lurch!—beneath the waves
She sinks, to open seven new graves.
Hear ye that shriek!—but Fancy fails—
Life's battle's fought, and death prevails!

IX.

THE DIRGE.

Alas for human hopes and joys !
How shadowy ! insecure !
Life like the morning vapour flies
Death ! ever at the door !
How pleasantly in youth we dream—
Some unexpected blow,
Upsets each unsubstantial scheme,
And lays our " Castles " low.

Life is indeed a tragic scene !
* " Alternate hope and fear ! "
And both extremes have often been
United strangely here—
For death, the tyrant stern and strong,
A cruel part doth play ;
And oft burlesques with funeral song
The marriage roundelay.

Beneath the wave two maidens sleep,
Where (feign'd) the mermaids rove—
Two disappointed lovers weep
The ladies of their love.

* Montgomery.

Ah! who could think such hopes should fail?
 So well arranged their plans!
 Sure jealous Death rode on the gale
 In haste to stop the bans!

Some abler bard, of nobler fame,
 Indignant at thy wrong,
 MCKENZIE! yet may write thy name
 In pity's mournful song;
 To last, while melancholy tone
 Has power the heart to sway,
 When *cenotaph* of polish'd stone
 Has *fretted* all away!

Some more—the minstrel knew them not—
 Beneath the billows sleep;
 But doubtless they are not forgot,
 They, too, had friends to weep.
 HAMILL is there! I knew him well,
 The helpless orphans' stay;
 God's ways are most inscrutable,
 What more can *mortal* say?

XI.

THE RAFT.

Safe from the wreck and billows roar
 The Crew and Captain reach the shore,

d fail?

Ashore and safe? no! still they fear,
For LYDIARD'S threat rings in the ear,
"If Providence my life shall spare,
And such a trust e'en here I dare,
You'll rue your baseness by-and-by;
We'll meet again—at Philippi?"
The Fairy Queen was lost to view,
Sunk in the Strait—all but the crew,
Who in the boats their safety found—
Were overwhelm'd—perhaps were drown'd.
Perfidious boat! whose like we see
Describ'd in ancient History;
Which cruel Nero did employ
Vile Agrippina to destroy!
Some sunk with her in wat'ry roar,
The prey of death, to rise no more;
But some, tho' in the briny main
Thus whelm'd, to surface rise again;
And shadowy thro' the night is seen
A *relic* of the Fairy Queen.
On this they fix their aching sight;
For this they swim with all their might;
To reach it now is all their care,
Such safety as it yields to share.
Some of their comrades, too, they see,
Upborne upon its buoyancy;
These reach their hands, with gen'rous deed,
To help the others in their need,

ot—

Upon the piece of floating wreck,
Which proves the "upper cabin deck."

XII.

Still tempest-tost in darkness drear,
They feel that they have much to fear ;
For tho' no sight of land they see,
They hear the breakers on the lee ;
And fear in Night's appalling shade,
Their present state is death delayed.
But see ! Aurora's kindling eye
And rising blush suffuse the sky ;
They feel not quite so much forlorn,
These are the tints of coming Morn ;
Which chase the gloom from darkest night,
Hope's har-bingers to bless their sight !
And now they see the vision plain,
E'en Hope herself is there again !
Each bosom feels the throb of joy—
And thanks do every tongue employ.
Hope for a moment plumes her wing,
Then speaks as with the voice of Spring :—
" When late your comrades, far from shore,
Sank, seemingly to rise no more ;
I, with another Seraph bright,
Convoy'd them to the realms of light ;

Thence, quick as thought, have journey'd here,
Your fainting, troubled souls to cheer ;
Yet trust in God, and fear no more,
I'm sent to say the worst is o'er ;
That fragile thing on which you stand
Shall bear you safely all to land,
From danger and the Fairy Queen ;
And when your footsteps tread the green,
Be careful how you *tempt* the main
In such a crazy boat again."
Such was the truth, a sandy beech
Was even now within their reach
All realized as Hope had planned,
For all in safety reached the land—
The tempest, in their bosom, still'd,
And LYDIARD'S prophecy fulfill'd !

FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

Where darkness gathers round the Pole,
Where sun-beams cease to play,
While, dreary as December, roll
Six months in night away,
The "Frost-King" dwells—dark is his port,
And terrible his form,
Surrounded by his phantom Court,
The Ministers of Storm.

In sullen state he reigns alone,
With frigid firmness bold,
And strengthens still his icy throne
Through centuries of cold ;
Jealous, he sends, with deep disdain,
His freezing glance around,
To find if, in his chill domain,
A rival may be found.

Fulfilling his behests with care,
His willing minions fly,
Like "wizard shapes," through troubled air
When meteors cross the sky—
The rattling hail, the smothering snows
Career with fury fast,
When Boreas in his trumpet blows
The hyperborean blast.

Hark ! speaks the mighty King of Frost
In wrath—what chafes his mood ?
“ Ye tempests rise ! or all is lost ;
Two ships have cross'd the flood !
From Albion's shore—her sons again
Defy my power to freeze,—
Britannia rules the Atlantic Main,
But *not* the Polar Seas.

“ Arise ! bluff Boreas ! up and blow
Till “ crack your cheeks ” with rage,
And let those shiv'ring mortals know
The might they dare engage,—
No enemy shall me provoke,
No alien pow'r defy,
Nor British hearts, nor British oak,
Shall scatheless me annoy.

“ And you, ye threat'ning clouds, arise,
In awful volumes roll,
And from the gaze of vulgar eyes
Seal up the mystic Pole ; *

* This piece was written before any traces of Sir John Franklin and his party were discovered by those who went in search of the missing adventurers. The author is pleased to know that the Polar secret has since been read to the world by the untiring energy of British and American science and investigation.

Ye Frosts that pile the North in heaps,
The princes of my name,
Go, bind in chains Britannia's ships,
As trophies of my fame.

"Away! ye have no time to lose,
With vigor vengeful fly—
To crystal statues turn their crews,
And leave them where they lie,
Ensephulchred in ice—no more
My pow'r shall Britons spurn—
And those they've left on Albion's shore
Their fate in vain shall mourn."

Thus loud he spoke, with angry mien,
His sovereign will to show,
And pointed to his magazine
Of everlasting Snow:
The blust'ring elements elate,
In ready tempest rise,
And shroud her sons' unhappy fate
From Britain's weeping eyes!

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THE GIANT:

CANTO I.

"Rum Pancheon was the Mighty Monster's name."—BRODIE.

HIS LINEAGE AND EARLY EXPLOITS.

Traversing the Globe from Equator to Pole,
A terrible Monster, that spurns at control,
Goes forward with fearful striding,
Through Islands and Continents stalking grim,
Over Oceans where Royal Navies swim;
Jack in seven-league boots was nothing to him,
Or witches on broomsticks riding!

In his veins the redoubtable giant's blood
Has run since the period of Noah's flood—
A pulse of contamination;
Though sprung from the Sun! as mythologists say,
Who, disporting on earth one beautiful day,
Press'd the rosy grape, in his amorous play,
To a vinous fermentation!

And hence, this monster prodigious has grown,
So subtle and strong, and to evil as prone
As the Antediluvian devil;

As a proof his mischievous pow'r to shew,
He wrestled with Noah, and gave him a throw,
When the patriarch shipbuilder stagger'd below
This giant of ponderous evil.

When people in Sodom for sin were destroyed,
He was gathering strength on the mountain side,
To combat the ancient sages ;
And Lot, who had scap'd from the fiery rain,
Which delug'd the Cities that stood on the Plain,
By this Giant, near Zoar, was endanger'd again,
And disgrac'd thro' succeeding ages.

These are some of his early, his evil ways,—
Of the pranks he play'd in the primitive days,
Then strong, now stronger and bolder,
In the households of men, he kindles more strife
Than the turbulent tongue of the termagant wife,
Like a villain unhang'd, who has forfeited life,
More villainous as he gets older.

'Mongst the heathen of old he wander'd abroad,
And they gave him the name of the Rosy god,
Ah ! how did the *drouthy* adore him !
And many there are in the Christian's land,
Who flock to his shrine at a *lift of the hand*,
And worship him, until unable to stand,
They fall in the gutter before him !

Thus multitudes vast their sacrifice pay,
"O king, live forever!" the devotees say,
Like fools, predetermin'd to folly;
"Though he empty our purse and distemper our
brain,
Though he roll us in mud, he shall roll us in vain,
For as soon as we rise, we will seek him again,
Great Bacchus! the rosy and jolly!"

Then bereft of all reason, the worshipping throng
Are shackled with fetters both galling and strong,
By this Ogre acknowledged their master,
And numberless victims—'tis true as my rhyme,
Out of ev'ry nation, and kingdom, and clime,
When bound in this manner, are driv'n to crime,
To madness, and fatal disaster.

And must he yet longer his power employ,
And, like a bad angel, go forth to destroy
Our earth in its moral complexion?—
Rise, Temperance men, to the *mortal* affray,
For though in the mail of corruption he stray,
In the joints of his harness you'll smite him some
day,
And his carcass shall be for dissection.

CANTO II.

HIS HORRIBLE VORACITY !

Whatever has life, it may truly be said,
As a matter of *taste*, inclines to be fed
On one thing, or else on another—
Thus Chinamen eat up the rats and the mice !
And Frenchmen eat frogs, from a motive of choice !
While the Fegeean Islander, not over nice,
Will sometimes regale on his brother !

There's no harm in eating—as I am aware—
Provided that *one* eat no more than his share,
And leave a like chance for his neighbor—
I hold it a maxim in principle sound,
And wise as the wisest, where maxims abound,
“That man is *unwise*, wherever he's found,
Who enjoys not the good of his labor.”

How giants are fed ! we learn in our youth,
In “juvenile stories,”—tho' far from the truth.
As the poles of the earth are asunder—
Those *talismans*, made up of nursery lies,
As famous specifics for squalling and noise,
To act phrenologically on the boys,
In raising their organs of wonder !

In this way, how many a blubbering roar
Is hush'd at the name of some big Blunderbore!

Who takes a particular pleasure
To carry off children that *will not* be good,
With horrible clutch, to a neighboring wood,
And swallow them *whole* as his daintiest food,
Then crack up their bones at his leisure!

Away with the "nursery stories and rhymes!"
"Truth," certain, "is stranger than fiction" at
times,

To speak with newspaper formality—
To describe this foul monster, no fiction we need,
The grim giant *Rum* will beat hollow, for greed,
All the Bogies and Brownies of Blunderbore breed,
While in fact he's a shocking *Reality*!

When the wretch, who has forfeited honesty's
claims,

Will pass in disguise under different names,

We think it a very bad omen!

His case is the same, it doth plainly appear,
There's Whisky, and Brandy, Gin, Cordial and
Beer,

With "White Eye," and others we every day
hear,—

But Rum's the *generic* cognomen!

If man would be safe, I forewarn him to shun
Those places on earth where his cooking is done,

By the processs of dark Distillation !—
That process, than even law processes worse—
Where smoke in the air rises black as a hearse !
As the *blessings* of Heaven are turning to *curse*,
In the ruinous, foul operation.

There puffing in fumes, he is bloated and fat,
His heart is a furnace, his stomach a vat,
Holding almost as much as a river !
Eternally filling—to fill it is vain !
No sooner he's full, than he hungers again !—
Molasses ! and malt ! hops, potatoes and grain !
Is the tune of his mash-tubs for ever !

And shall he yet longer his power employ,
God's bounties to man upon earth to destroy ?—
A sin against reason and nature !
Ye Temperance Men, in your wisdom arise—
You may *stop his career* without bluster or noise :
There's nothing to do but to "*stop the supplies !*"
As they say in the Legislature.

CANTO III.

HIS EGREGIOUS QUACKERY !

When the Queen—Heaven bless her in every
way—

And Household most noble ! in Summer time stray,
To breathe ' caller air ' at Balmoral ;

For pleasure they wander ' mid scenery old ;
Or climb the steep mountain, with enterprize bold,
Or away through the forest, to list, as we're told,
To the sweet warblers' melody choral ;

Perhaps whithin doors, to please them again
The great northern Wizard* plays legerdemain
Till he seems in league with the devil !

He calls the foul *Spirits*, Gin, Brandy, and Rum,
When running from *one* bottle's throat they all
come !

While mute stand the Court, in astonishment dumb,
At his pow'r over *Spirits of Evil* !

But what need for wonder ? the black bottle spree,
Remote from Balmoral, we ev'ry day see
Play'd over till little ' tis heeded !

* Professor Anderson.

The Rum-Giant Wizard has wav'd his black wand,
To troop all the *Spirits* he has at command,
And cheat all the world, with the sleight of his
hand,

And in truth very far has succeeded !

To the haunts of excess he entices the boys !
Bewilders their brains ! while he dazzles their eyes,
And cheats them with " blearest illusion ! "

And when, fascinated, they lose self-control,
He plies them with draughts from his Circean
bowl,

Till losing their senses and balance, they roll
With the toppers in drunken confusion !

He conjures with some on the *score* of their
wealth—

To others, when sickly, he promises health,
And *speedy* complete restoration !—

In short, you'd suppose from his Placards and Bills,
As much he can do for Humanity's ills
As fifty full puncheons of Holloway's pills,
Which have such a wide circulation !

So cozens he men !— as, with forehead of brass,
A great master Mountebank Quack he doth pass,
With a *bolus* for every condition !—

He'll tell you flat falsehoods, of paradox bold !
"He'll *cool* you if heated, and *warm* you if cold,
Add vigor to youth, and give strength to the old,
From his *bottles* of gross imposition !"

And worse than all this, it can clearly be shown,
He'll not let respectable females alone,
If but civilly once they receive him !
With confidence bold, upon this he'll presume,
To pass off his trash for refreshing perfume—
Persuading them Brandy will heighten their bloom,
And some have been dup'd to believe him.

I know very well, though my argument's sound—
I'm passing just now over slippery ground,
And have need to be very particular—
Indeed I conceive all my readers, with me,
In the spirit of charity ought to agree,
That the failings of ladies as secret should be
As a kiss, or confession auricular !

And shall this great Emp'ric his power employ,
More lives than all other base quacks to destroy,
While professing to cure all the nation ?
Ye Temperance Men ! steady, zealous, and true,
When the mountebank's physic is spread to your
view,
Don't buy three poor scruples, whatever you do,
And he'll starve from the face of creation.

CANTO IV.

HE GETS INTO THE LEGISLATURE!

Here's a subject for Hogarth! describe it who can!
With its *ins* and its *outs*, the ambition of Man!

As it daily unfolds to inspection—

Pervading each class, from the classes at school
To the lover, the soldier, the wise man and fool,
Appearing in all, by Shakesperian rule,

But most at a General Election!

How fierce the political conflict will rage
As Candidates play off their "parts on the stage,"

Each striving in strife to be winner—

What caricatures upon *Wisdom* are there!
Upon *Wealth*, when there's little or nothing to
spare!

To the lover of sport, 'tis a picture as rare
As a salmon in season for dinner! *

'Tis serious, and yet 'tis uncommonly droll,
To reflect on what passes "the day of the poll,"

What vapor and windy profession,

As the Orators *finish* harangues by the job—
To each friendly voter a smile and a bob—

Wasting *jewels of speech* on the wondering mob—
To be dumb as the Quakers, in session!

But hark ! no, but hush ! there's no need for
surprise,

Elections can never pass off without noise—

But louder the tumult is growing !

A fight in good earnest ! and fiercer it grows !

"Arrah honey, be still," don't you see how it goes !

Half the voters are puppets with strings to their
toes,

And the giant has set them agoing !

And fully as sly !—not so *small* as a mouse—

Ex officio, he has a seat in the House,

Where he sits—not "alone in his glory,"

When Members all meet, both the small and the
great,

There sits he behind the big curtains of State,

And pulls, as he pleases, the strings of debate,

To suit his own side of the story !

I meant not—while light on this question I throw,

To "speak any evil" of dignities !—no,

However, some others may do it ;

But this I will say—and say it out plain—

That "*Rumum*" ought never to sit there again,

A perfect disgrace ! that was kicked out of *Maine*,

And none can have reason to rue it.

And suffer'd to sit in *such* company!—shame!
 Turn him out, honest Members, and badger the
 game,

With the whole generation of Cæsars!
 Let loose all the pack, 'twill be excellent fun,
 A fine recreation when business is done,
 And run him as hard as poor Andy* was run
 When he had to *reprint* "Ebenezers!"

Already the signs of his ruin appear!
 Already his friends shew the symptoms of fear
 Concerning his bad Constitution!
 Now, Temperance men! every effort employ!
 Of your splended "*percussions*" he's timid and
 shy—
 "Put your trust still in Heav'n—your powder
 keep dry,"
 For a volley at his dissolution!

CANTO V.

HE IS DOGGED INTO HIS DENS!

All creatures must have some abode or retreat,
 A shelter from cold, or a shade from the heat,
 If they wish to retain their vitality—

* A local circumstance known to the *Maitre d'Ecole*.

This feeling *instinctive* all nature 'controls,
The "birds have their nests, and the foxes their
holes,"

And the lion a den, where, when sated, he rolls
In the lair of majestic brutality.

The poor men of earth, in their cottages stay,
The rich live in mansions more spacious and gay,
For mankind are of different classes ;
The Prince has a palace, expensive and rare,
To the eye of the architect, nothing more fair !
And some waste their time "building castles of
air,"

Who might *safely be stabled with asses.*

"But where, and O where" is the Rum Monster's
home ?

Doth he any where rest ? or *unceasingly roam*
In the quest of his prey or his pleasure ?
A greater mistake couldn't enter the brain,
He has hundreds and hundreds told over again
Of holes ! in which yearly some thousands are slain
For amusement, when he is at leisure !

But think not, ye simple, to these he's confin'd,
Where the common-place debauchee drinks him-
self blind,

Quite regardless of soul and of body !

Like the *rich* ones of earth, he has mansions more
grand,
Mostly raised at the cost of the *poor* of the land,
For gentlemen toppers, conveniently plann'd,
When they wish to get tipsy on toddy !

Here, the lord of the Manor, he governs with skill,
The whole tribe of landlords, his tenants at will,
Who are instant in every season,
His terrible sway on the earth to uphold—
In the midst of confusion and blasphemy bold,
To do the base business for silver and gold,
And against the consent of their reason !

As circling, the songs of debauchery go,
Methinks, I can hear "lamentation and woe,"
Like the voice of a Rachel, when crying ;
'Tis the sorrowful wail of the heart-breaking wife,
She seeks for her husband, the lord of her life ;
He spends the last shilling 'mid cursing and strife,
While her famishing children are dying !

But the lord of her life is unable to think,
No sense has he left save a thirst for more drink,
So extreme, he can hardly endure it—
To vice so degrading, each faculty bends,
For drink every tie of affection he rends,
In short, he will sacrifice children and friends,
And body and soul ! to procure it.

And now, gentle friends, the description you see,
For numberless cases might stereotyp'd be,

Can you have any reason to doubt it?

With philanthropy's eye, look round you again,
Behold all the wretchedness, sorrow and pain,

As daily evolved by this passion for gain—

Yet we're told *to say nothing about it!*

CANTO VI.

HE IS FORMALLY ACCUSED OF MURDER!

Of all the dark acts, misdemeanors, and crimes,
That throw their black shade over seasons and
times,

And the deeds of extreme desperation
By desperate men, there's none to compare
With the deed of the wretch, who will ruthlessly
dare

To shed human blood, as he must be aware,
That he never can make reparation.

In Governments good, as a matter of course,
There are, as there ought to be, Statutes in force,

And which none ought to break with impunity:
Hence Judges and Juries of different degrees,
The Grand and the Petit, Attorneys and fees!
With Bailiffs and Constables, *busy* as bees,
To secure and protect the community!

But guard as you may, and protect as you do,
Still wretches will, sometimes, their fingers imbrue

In the blood of their common humanity!—
Who the risk of detection don't value a straw,
Who challenge the gallows, in spite of the law,
In hope to get clear by some blunder or flaw,
Or perhaps on the plea of insanity!

For instance, most learned and eminent men,
Of the legal profession, by slip of the pen,
In a moment of mental excitement,
Might write down *baboon* where it ought to be *ape*!
And suffer a villain, though guilty of rape,
Or arson, or murder itself, to escape,
By a flaw in the "Bill of Indictment."

And since, from experience past, it is plain
Such event has occur'd, and might happen again,
In the case of another emergency—
That Justice no longer depend on a flaw,
Or precedent bad, technicality, saw,
Or other invention of "limbs of the law,"
And, altho' it may seem a divergency,

It now is thought good to follow a course
Admitting no subterfuge, cunning resource,
Nor the charms of most elegant diction

Forensic, which often makes black appear white,
To the eyes of the Jury—the wrong for the right—
Resolved, the Indictment myself I'll indite,
To secure to the world his conviction !

And now "Giant-Rum," in that dock where you
stand,
In the name of the Queen, just raise your right
hand,

In the form of the law of this nation !
Because, it appears, you conspiring have been
'Gainst the peace of our Sovereign Lady the Queen,
Her crown and her dignity, as will be seen
In the body of your accusation :

That in "Fifty-three," this particular year,
Instigated by Satan, and having no fear
Of God to control you in action,
You slew three liege subjects, whose names I'll not
tell,
Altho' it is clear by your bludgeon they fell,
This you know, and the public remember them well,
And the public demand satisfaction :

And that you, your evil design to fulfil—
Intending them grievous and bodily ill,
'Twixt the hours of ten and eleven,

P. M., that means late, them to drink did invite,
With *malice prepense*, then covered by night,
You completed your murderous purpose, in sight
Of the stars, which were watching in heaven.

So, guilty or not? speak out like a man,
Confess, if you will, deny if you can,
But there can be no use of denial—
Such wretch as you are, without clergy should die;
To defend you, however, some counsel may try—
So plead you *instantly*—I wait your reply
Before I proceed with the trial.

The writer of these verses intended at the time to pursue the subject further; but other engagements pressing upon his attention, he had not an opportunity of carrying out his design. While fully endorsing the sentiment of the late Dr. McGregor, viz.—Temperance is a good cause—he cannot but regret, that after all the efforts of philanthropic Temperance men to stop the drinking usages of our Island men, the baleful custom of using ardent spirits is now as prevalent as ever. "*Sua cuique voluptas.*"

THE OLD STARS ECLIPSED.*

At the Michaelmas Term there's but little to do,
 And the gentry in long robes look hungry and blue,
 For the bread of law business is oven'd so small,
 That there's hardly a cut in the loaf for them all.

But though briefs then scarce, things were not
 so bad,

While the lawyers could bag all that was to be had,
 For the *Blackstones* and *Cokes*, patient, watchful,
 and sly,

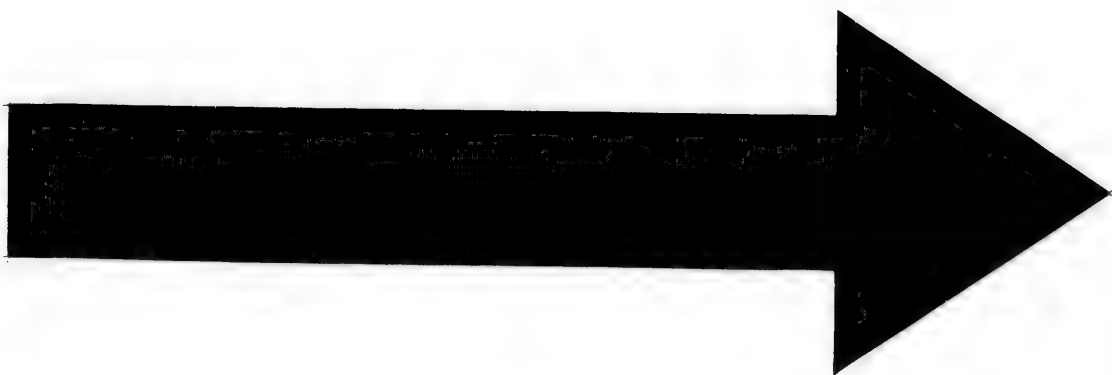
Could anticipate next Term a larger supply.

But alack and alas! for the luminous hopes
 Of the L——s, the raw sons, the P——s and P——s.
 'Mid the old constellation a wand'ring star,
 From the needle erratic, is FOUND at the bar.

If the public can judge, by the public 'tis said
 That the old stars, eclipsed, are thrown into the
 shade,

And look rather dark to be mov'd in their spheres
 By a star blazing out in the sign of the *shears*!

* In the Supreme Court some years ago, Mr. Henry Found, Tailor, of Charlottetown, having a suit pending, asked and obtained leave to plead his own cause. The result was, that he obtained a Judgment in his favor, which gave occasion for the foregoing lines.



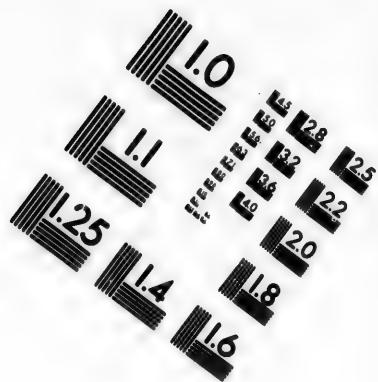
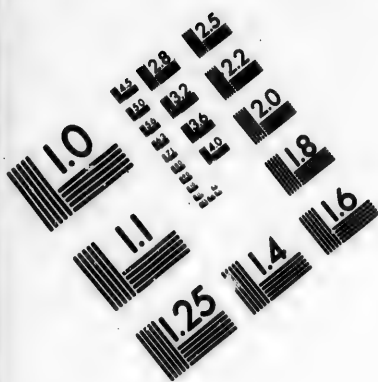
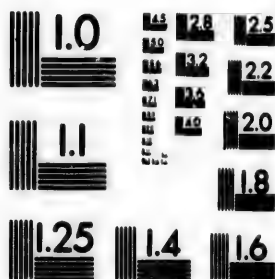


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THE SWEET SONGSTRESS.

Ofttimes the bard has struck the lyre,
In lays of pure poetic fire,
To show the power of music's skill
To nerve the heart and mould the will!—
As David's harp, when set to tune,
Reign'd over Kish's reigning son;
And, by its heavenly minstrelsy,
Forc'd Satan from the king to flee.
Thus Collins sings,—“In Greece's day,
“Each passion tried its skill to play,”—
And Dryden sings of festive hour,
When Alexander own'd the power
Of music's skill, which e'en could rise
An earth-born mortal to the skies!
While echo's sweet returning tone
Inclin'd a list'ning angel down!
But music's spirit-stirring lays
Were not confin'd to ancient days,—
A modern DELTA owns the skill
And proves the power of music still.

DELTA.

His lineage sustain'd a place
In Scotia's honorable race,
Whose sounding pibroch on the hills

The air with martial music fills.
But on Prince Edward's level lawn,
The big swoll'n pipes are seldom blown :
Yet Delta's ear was richly fed
By nature's music in the shade—
Or standing on the Ocean's shore,
He heard wild music in its roar—
Or wand'ring o'er the sand-hills drear,
The plover whistled in his ear—
In fine, 'twas music everywhere.—
At length he heard a maiden's voice
Replete with *finer* melodies !

ELLEN.

Her voice to harmony she strung,
And sooth it was a pleasant song
Which broke on Delta's ravish'd ears,
Like heav'nly music from the spheres !
Her face !—the first on beauty's roll—
Half spoke the music of her soul,
So eloquent, so full of joy,
So musical was Ellen's eye !
Admiring crowds, her form to see,
Gazing were wrapt in ecstasy ;
Yet car'd she not for great nor small,
Unconsciously she view'd them all ;
And seem'd by spell delightful bound,

While thought in blissful dreams was drown'd !
Softly as sighs the zephyr's breath,
Upon a mead that blossometh,—
Gently as breaks, on summer eve,
The tranquil undulating wave,—
Sweetly, as when, on well plum'd wing,
The feather'd tribes ascending sing,—
Or like the fabled Syren's song,
Which, borne o'er Ocean's breast along,
Breaks forth a sweet, enchanting strain,
The sailor's solace on the main.
So softly, gently, sweetly, stole
The inspiring strains on Delta's soul ;
Which stirr'd his bosom's inmost core
And thrill'd with joys unfelt before.
And now was hush'd to silence all,
A feather might be heard to fall !
Save that the notes seem'd backward flung,
Responsive by an angel's tongue.—
For sounds that mortals love to hear ;
Prolong their tones upon the ear,—
As absent friends are plainly seen
By us, though distance intervene,
Distance nor silence interferes
With fancy's eyes or fancy's ears !—
Again her power, her life, seem'd thrown
Into a wondrous winning tone !

Again sweet numbers seem'd to say,
Spirit and life must hie away,
Must, with the ascending notes, arise
Of that rich breathing to the skies !
Again the cadence smoothly fell,
As if to break the enchanting spell ;
And warn the many list'ning round,
Their footing still was mortal ground.
O sacred music, heavenly power !
The joy of many a joyful hour ;
How doth thy sweet, melodious air
Inspirit bliss, and banish care !
Thy sacred voice can mortals move
To high exploit or tender love !
The strain by which thou didst impart,
Celestial joys to DELTA's heart,
Shall, in his mem'ry, warble on,
Till life's deciding sand be run !

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

When glorious Britain long ago
Her conquering banner spread,
Which o'er a dying hero's* brow,
A deathless lustre shed ;

* General Wolf's.

The Frenchmen left this Isle for France,
So loyal to their crown :
Intending to return, perchance
If Britain's flag came down !

But Britain's flag, in war or peace,
Floats highest on the breeze,
And long may she sustain her place,
As empress of the seas.

But to my tale,—futuraity
Oft proves poor mortals blind ;
The Frenchman took themselves away ;
But left their wealth behind !

Fearing some British cruiser bold,
Or greedy privateer,
Might ransack in the Frenchman's hold,
And find their treasure there.

So deep beneath some granite stone,
Here scatter'd up and down,
Old "*Parlez vous*," unseen, alone,
Hid many a silver crown !—

Or where some weather-beaten tree,
With antique boughs o'erspread,
Has stood the second century,
And cast its sombre shade,—

Or near some spring that always boils,
A mark forever sure !
They hid the fruit of all their toils,
But never saw it more !

For Britain's flag, with honor bright,
Still flutters on the breeze ;
And still doth she maintain her right,
As empress of the seas.

In unsunn'd heaps these treasures lay,
While years on years roll round,
Near spring, or tree, or granite gray,
But never can be found !

And endless are the stories told
Of strange phenomena !
That from the silver and the gold,
Scare mammon's sons away !

Some say, at times, on old grey stones,
Strange apparitions dance !
Suppos'd the shades of men, whose bones
Are mouldering in France !

The daring wight who aims to dig,
A cold sensation feels !—
Each conscious hair seems bristling big,
At something near his heels !

Despite of all, a blue nos'd band,
 Mov'd by successive dreams,—
 Have hither come to dig our land,
 And search about its streams !

They fear no light that shines by night,
 No meagre dancing shade !
 Their fathers never fled in fight,
 From *living* Frenchman's blade !

With min'ral rod, and purses broad,
 Of most enormous size ;—
 The first, to point the golden road,
 The last to hold the prize !

If they succeed by fortune's will,
 We Islander's may say,
 How do these Nova Scotians still
 Extract our cash away !

But when supplied is all their need,
 If aught they have to spare—
 May they remit the poet's meed,
 He'll with the printer share.

About the year 1841, a party of Nova Scotians arrived in this Island, for the purpose of digging for money, which, it was supposed the French settlers had hid away previous to leaving the Island, when it became an appendage to the British Crown. They prosecuted their labors with much diligence during the summer of the above year, at St. Peter's, Malpeque, and other places; but, so far as I could learn, without finding as much as would pay their expenses home.

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THE GREAT BATTLE OF GEORGETOWN,

FOUGHT A. D. 1855.

Why leave, O Muse ! Prince Edward's shore,
And fly with weary wing
To Crimean fields besmear'd with gore,
A martial song to sing ?
There western valour meets the foe
And, pressing on amain,
Lays Russia's barb'rous legions low
In tens of thousands slain.

But ah ! my Muse, such scenes as these
Thou never canst pourtray !
The classic golden Chersonese
Begirt with war's array !
In vain before thy eager eyes
Is spread the crimson'd plan,
Alma and Balaklava rise
And bloody Inkerman !

To pluck a fair poetic bay
From fields like these, would claim
A note as loud as Linden's lay
Which Campbell blew for fame.

rived in this
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leaving the
ish Crown.
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e, and other
as much as

But even here, war's pranks are play'd,
Why therefore should we roam?
We'll sing th' American blockade
And danger nearer home!

Georgetown! a city, soon to be,
Prince Edward's eastern pride,
By natural sterility
Is strongly fortified.
Search all King's County round and round,
No second spot you'll find,
So well secured by swampy ground
And barren lands behind.

And from these swamps prevailing fogs
Extend around their haze,
Which covers regiments of frogs
Defending "Logan's Braes;"
Flank'd by the Jail upon the right,
And left upon the green,
The *beefless* Market-house, a sight
Worth seeing, may be seen.

The townsmen kept, to make a noise,
One monstrous swivel gun,
Which, from its most enormous size,
Was 'clept the Mastodon.

They this discharg'd with awful roar
At least three times a year,
That foreigners off Georgetown shore
Might feel a wholesome fear.

But sure, the Muse, on such discharge
Deep thund'ring on the ear,
Has little reason to enlarge ;
It shook that swampy sphere ;
Dame Stiggins upwards roll'd her eye
And cried " O dear ! O dear ! "
As all at once the corks would fly
Her precious ginger-beer !

Defended thus, the Townsmen long
Enjoyed security,
They deem'd their place as Cronstadt strong
Upon the Finland Sea.
In peaceful arts their days were spent,
No anxious hours they knew, ..
While loud the Mastodon gave vent
To what they rous'd could do !

All smoke ! all smoke ! as D—se would say,
All sound and vanity,
The Yankees claim our Northern Bay
By reciprocity !

Base smugglers all ! ask Doctor C—y
He says “ They hither come,
Intent to take our fish away
And leave us Yankee rum.”

From Souris round for many a mile,
When calm outside, they wait,
To trick our revenue in style
As did the “ Dragonet ! ”
A North East gale ! they scud in swarms
To seek a smother sea,
And find a refuge from the storms
Beneath the Georgetown lee.

Thus lately in September’s moon,
When low’ring fell the sky,
Their fleet stood in one afternoon
(The Equinox was nigh ;)
Then landing, with insulting air,
They pointed to their fleet,
And beat some navvies who were there
Employ’d upon the street.

And now the sturdy Townsman true
On full revenge were bent,
And whizzing missiles thickly flew
Such insult to resent.

They fought with sticks, with helves, with stones,
Through street, and swamp, and plain,
And some, alas ! had broken bones,
And one was nearly slain.

The Yankees fought with right good-will
Till nearly dark, when one
Whose grandsire serv'd at Bunkerhill
Espied the Mastodon,
Strange ! passing strange ! in such affray
The Townsmen it forgot,
That Yankee to it bent his way
And spiked it on the spot !

Then spirits flagg'd and hearts grew sore !
Where ! where ! was Roderick then ?
Why, why, was sheath'd his good claymore,
Best blade of Highlandmen ?
Why missing was that ex M. P.,
So seldom off his guard !
And where that blackthorn cudgel tree
Intrusted him by L—d ?

“ *Non est inventus !* ” so 'tis said—
But still the battle raged,
And deafening shouts and clamor rose
From Yankees close engaged.

Till their ringleader, lank and tall,
Moustach'd from ear to ear,
Received a blow from B—ke below,
He fell like stricken deer !

“ O shoot them now ! ” above the row
A voice was heard aloud,
His comrade true a pistol drew
And fir'd among the crowd ;
The full report was loud to hear,
When hastening to the war
Looming immense ! there did appear
Sir Joseph Malabar !

One man was shot ! his thigh was broke !
Sir Joe the sight did see,
And eyeing him, in thunder spoke,
“ Here's Reciprocity !
O, what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth and fame
But leaves that wretch to weep ! ”

LINES INSCRIBED TO REV. L. C. JENKINS, RECTOR,
SUGGESTED BY A WALK IN THE CHURCHYARD
NEAR CHARLOTTETOWN.

As pensively I wander here
And cast a glance around,
How many names, to mem'ry dear,
Familiar once—are found :
How many epitaphs I see—
Where dreamless sleepers lie,
Which preach this truth impressively,
That *man was born to die.*

Tread softly over those that sleep
Beneath the funeral yew !
Ye mourning friends, for friends who weep,
This is the place for you ;
But thoughtless ones, with footsteps rude,
This scene so sacred, fly !—
Or learn, when hither ye intrude,
That *you were born to die.*

Here poverty with grandeur must
Repose, when life is done,—
Lie *earth to earth, and dust to dust,*
As spoils which death has won :

Ah ! why should Pride, with foolish scorn,
Roll round its haughty eye ?
The proudest man ! and beggar born !
Are born *alike*, to die !

Howe'er distinct in life they were,
They've no distinction here !
Save polish'd stones which here and there
More beautiful appear ;
But Monuments, or rude or grand !
As Time goes wasting by,
Moulder beneath his crumbling hand,
And, falling, prostrate lie !

Dark and uncertain were our fears
Did we no further know—
Our eyes might well with bitter tears
Of sorrow overflow ;
But in the sacred page we see
Celestial visions bright
Of " life " and " immortality "
Brought out in Gospel light !

All christians who, beneath this ground,
Are in " corruption sown "
At the last trumpet's awful sound
By God's Archangel blown—

Shall rise, and ever more endure
Above yon azure sky !
Their *bodies*, as their spirits pure,
No "second death" shall die !

EPITAPH FOR THE TOMBSTONE OF MY BELOVED
WIFE ALICE, DECEASED SEPT. 22d, 1854.

*"Invidious death how dost thou rend asunder
Whom love has knit and sympathy made one !"*
—BLAIR.

Here *Alice* and her children three,
Hid from a world of woes—
From envy's glance and sorrow free,
Rest in their long repose.
Repose in peace, but not forgot—
Affection fond will keep
Its vigil at the sacred spot,
And, oft returning, weep.

Alas ! that human joys, which we
So highly prize should fly !
That earthly hopes should blasted be !
Whom best we love should die !
E'en so it fares with all on earth,
With all to mortals given,—
His "will be done" who knew their worth
And took them home to heaven.

THE BALANCE OF POWER.

"The golden scales yet seen
Between Astræa and the Scorpion Sign."

Those golden scales, in which are weigh'd
Events both small and great,
Are hung, it is supposed by some,
Upon the arm of fate?—
That Fate, tho' blind, controls mankind,
Each passing struggle sees!
That empires rise and kingdoms fall,
As destiny decrees—
All empty, cold philosophy!
That righteous balance grand
Is held in equilibrium true
By an Almighty hand;
The hand that wrote upon the wall
The proud Belshazzar's doom.
Who, flush'd with drunken revelry,
Did impiously presume
To quaff his wine from cups divine—
Tho' Israel's captives moan—
And praise the gods of silver, brass,
Of iron, wood and stone.

R.
But man, tho' he is mortal ! man,
The creature of an hour !
Dressed out in brief authority,
With delegated power,
Strives with his mightiest energies
Himself to turn the scale,
And, blind as Fate, throws in his weight,
Nor deems that he shall fail.
The soldier oft, of purpose bold,
With pride of heart elate,
Has seen himself, in Fancy's eyes,
The minister of Fate ;
So late th' adventurous Corsican
With pride himself surveyed,
But Bonaparte ~~was~~ all too light,
When in the balance weigh'd.

Oh, there were spirit-stirring times—
Some fifty years ago—
When war's red footsteps were impress'd
In Hohenlinden's snow ;
When Russia wept at Austerlitz,
To see the wasteful drain
Of heroes' blood,—a mighty flood
Poured reeking on the plain ;
When Great Napoleon forward led
The fiery sons of Gaul

To death, or glorious victory,
As either might befall ;
To gratify ambition high
His eagles were unfurled
His highest aim, thro' fields of fame,
To subjugate the world.

And who may tell what woes befel
Before Napoleon's fall ?
How sorrow's shade more gloomy made
" This dark terrestrial ball ? "
The mother's fears, the widow's tears,
The helpless orphan's doom,
The thousands levelled in the dust
To make one tyrant room !
Hark ! Borodino's cannon roar !
See Moscow's ruddy glare !
What sinful slaughter, sacrifice
And ruin mingle there.
Europe ! awake to action, prompt,
Erect thy troubled brow,
Should France prevail, she'll turn the scale,
The balance trembles now !

Then mighty States together leagued,
In confidential trust,
To turn the vengeful van of war,
The common cause was just :

In vain was all Napoleon's skill
Within that champion ring,
The Eagle, erst that proudly soar'd,
Now flew with wounded wing.
The Russian bear, roused from his lair,
Sprang fiercely to his feet ;
And glar'd upon a ruin'd rout
Fast flying in defeat.
A barb'rous brood of Cossacks rude
Pursued the trembling foe,
Where France's braves found Russian graves,
Their sepulchres the snow.

Thro' doubtful years, alternately,
That beam did wav'ring rise,
As Leipzig won, for Jena lost,
Might stand in counterpoise.
Fierce warriors in that fearful strife
" Hard pounding " blow for blow,
Fought yet more fiercely to secure
Napoleon's overthrow.—
Till backward roll'd the tide of war,
O'er plains of crimson gore,
To sunny France, whose shiver'd lance
Must vex the world no more.

They bind, with diplomatic skill,
 The vanquish'd victor fast
 To Elba's Isle—the balance rests,
 And Peace returns at last.

THE ESCAPE FROM ELBA.

Celestial Peace! Heav'n's messenger!
 Serene, expanding form,
 Brief binding with a rainbow span,
 The limits of the storm!
 Thy lovely arch is scarce complete
 To Europe's trustful eyes,
 Ere war dispels the placid scene,
 The charming vision flies!
 And short liv'd are the peaceful dreams
 Of diplomatic skill,
 To bind th' ambitious, daring Chief,
 Or bend his stubborn will.
 The Eagle for the eyrie pines,
 By strong remembrance stirr'd,
 And Elba's Isle is far too small
 To cage the Royal bird.

Napoleon stands in France again,
 The Frenchmen to allure;
 And first but scatter'd are the cries
 Of *Vive l'Empereur!*

The soldiers whom he often led
Are bound by honor's laws
To guard the Bourbons, and defend
Their feeble, tott'ring cause.
Their ire he dares, his breast he bares,
The army shout for joy,
And *Vive l'Empereur* once more
From thousands rends the sky !
The old Cockade, to glory dear,
On every breast has room,
The lilies, trampled in the dust,
Perhaps no more may bloom.

To Paris now they bend their way,
With acclamations high ;
From Paris, for security,
The frighten'd Bourbons fly !
In vain a flame of civil war
They strive to blow abroad,
The star of empire culminates—
And glory is the god !
Again, unfurl'd to Frenchmen's gaze,
Are seen the Eagles dear,—
A marshall'd host, with deaf'ning boast,
The flatt'ring symbols cheer !

Hero of Torres Vedras lines,
That wav'ring fulcrum spy !
For Peace must surely kick the beam,
And Liberty may die !

Oh those were spirit-stirring times,
When war's red banners flew
At Charleroi, at Quatre-bras,
And deadly Waterloo !
Some heroes of the old campaigns,
Whom battle yet doth spare,
Flush'd with the sanguine hue of hope,
Stand proud and ready there ;
The veteran marshals, Soult and Ney,
The bravest of the brave,
Who often led the Empire troops
To glory o'er the grave,
Are there to aid their sovereign Chief—
From pow'r so lately hurl'd—
That only he thenceforth may be—
Dictator to the world.

Fond wish ! but vain ! it may not be.
See ! on th' opposing plain,
The hero of a hundred fights
Prepared to fight again !
High o'er his troops the banners fly,
Which lately led the bold

In victory's van, when Wellington
The power of France controll'd,
When crest-fall'n Spain and Portugal,
Both yielding to the stroke
Of policy, inclin'd their necks,
And tamely wore the yoke.
Oh ! how unlike that Spain, which once
Another empire gain'd,
When Ferdinand, in dazzling state,
With Isabella reign'd.

Eventful time ! and test sublime !
But fierce and bloody day !
Two chiefs, of modern chivalry,
Run battle's tilting fray.
Napoleon ! Wagram ! Montmirail !
What *prestige* in that name !
And Marshal Duke of Wellington,
Scarce less renowned to fame !
Remember how, in India, late
He push'd his country's cause ;
Remember Talavera, too,
And bloody Badajos !
Illustrious twain ! midst heaps of slain,
Where garners Death his store,
Ye pluck'd the badges which, that day,
At Waterloo ye wore.

The French attack! when are they slack?

The battle is begun:

What havoc now from twelve at noon

Till sets the evening sun!

Who may again depict that scene

Or how the muse indite

Each daring deed, when heroes lead,

And few but heroes fight?

The cannon peel, the columns reel,

From thousands, prostrate there,

Life's current streams, while victory seems

Suspended by a hair!

To fall on whom?—to all, as yet,

The Oracle was dumb;

"O would to God!" says Wellington,

"That Blucher now were come!"

Napoleon, too, is quick to see

The danger of the day,

"And why do not those English fly?

And why does Grouchy stay?"

"Sire,"—by experience dearly taught—

Was marshal Soult's reply,

"They never fly, they always stand,

Maintain their ground or die!"

One effort more ! one grand *encore* !

He orders to advance

His last resource, th' Imperial Guards,

The flowers of fighting France—

Aloft the tow'ring eagles soar,

The pride of heart and eye ;

Onward they move, alas ! to prove

That Frenchmen too must die.

But fifty paces intervene ! *avant* !

They forward dare !

A hundred bellowing cannon roar

Their thunders thro' the air.

That storm they feel, and, staggering, reel—

For who a front might show

To face the sulph'rous spouts of death,

These deadly engines throw ?

“ Up guards and at them ” shouts the duke,

When, lo ! before their eyes,

The ambush'd British Household Guards

Like apparitions rise !

Charge ! and they charge—as Britons charge,

And charging onward go,

Loos'ning the avalanche of death,

In ruin on the foe !

"Let all the line go forward now,"
The British Chieftain said ;
With promptly simultaneous will,
The order is obey'd.
Napoleon sees that all is lost ;
Hope yields to black Despair ;
His legions flee, and "Blucher come"
Is thundering on their rear.
Did Blucher then decide the day ?
Who struck the final blow ?
Belshazzar's hieroglyphic'd wall
Returns the answer—No !—
'Twas Heav'n, in scales of equity,
With balanc'd justice prime,
Weigh'd Babylon in ancient days,
And France in modern time ;

For be it well considered ; He
Who holds the righteous beam,
Before it comes, the sequel sees
Of wild Ambition's dream.
Misrule he hates, and unjust Weights
His word doth disallow ;
Behold ! the Russian Autocrat
Is in the balance now !

THE PEACE OF 1815.

Hush'd is Bellona's angry voice ;
Her thunders cease to roar,
And war, "grim visag'd," sinks to rest
With long exertions sore.
Europe, set free from cruel strife,
Enjoys the sweet release,
And hails the dove which to her brings
The olive branch of peace.
Celestial Peace ! Heaven's messenger !
How do thy advent kind
And genial influence lift the weight
From sin-oppress'd mankind.
The angel-anthem, chanted once
O'er Bethlehem's star-lit plain,
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men,"
Europa hears again.

Napoleon now escapes from France ;
A fugitive in style,
Borne gently by Bellerophon
Arrives at Albion's Isle.
But where are all the majesty,
The pomp, and pride, and state
Of him who reign'd a king of kings ?—
The favorite of fate !

Once urged by lust of conquest,
He survey'd the English strand,
And in an empty air-blown scheme
A grand invasion plann'd !
Behold him now ! a spectacle,
By curious thousands seen,—
A prisoner in a British ship,
And riding quarantine !—

No longer may his conq'ring schemes
The sense of Europe shock,
Her point is gain'd, Napoleon chain'd,
An exile on a rock—
Where Neptune with his trident-rule
The South Atlantic sways,
And, wreathing foam around her neck,
With St. Helena plays.
Far from Louisa ! Josephine !
And France's sunny shore !
And shouts of *Vive Napoleon*,
Which reach his ears no more—
'There, stript of all his former state,
And humbled low his pride,
He spent the remnant of his days
And there in exile died !

And there was buried Bonaparte,
Within his narrow tomb!—
Meanwhile the Bourbons are restor'd,
Again the lilies bloom!
Napoleon's doubtful Dynasty
All sovereign States disown:
The Eighteenth Louis mounts in form
The old ancestral throne.
O empty form of Royalty!
The fickle Frenchmen's toy!
How evanescent at the best
In France thy flattering joy!
Like little men with smaller toys,
To childish instinct true,
The French are pleas'd! they laugh awhile!
Then cry for something new.

And thus the Government of France
Alternately hath been,
Republic! Empire! Monarchy!
An ever shifting scene,
Uncertain as a phantom shade
Or summer's eddying breeze—
Where no appearance satisfies
And none will likely please;

The monarch of to-day, install'd
With solemn pageantry—
To-morrow, hurried off the stage,
May for his *safety* flee.
Perchance some scion of such stock
May teach the list'ning* school
How monarchy succeeds in France,
When Revolutions rule.

But tho' in turn the populace
Each form of power assails,
Tho' France is Revolution-rock'd,
A *general peace prevails* ;
The world gets highly civilized,
While Commerce, Art and Trade
Call out the mighty force of steam
Their enterprise to aid.
Old Ocean feels the novel power !—
Invaded is his home !
And heaves on high his billowy breast,
White with unusual foam ;

* It is a well known fact that Louis Phillippe, afterwards King of the French, was, through the revolutionary spirit of the French people, compelled in early life to leave France, and seek safety in America, where he taught a school in order to obtain the means of an honest livelihood. *Vive le Roi !*

The angry winds roar loud, but few
Their jealous roaring heed,
For gone is their monopoly!
As space is lost in speed!

Thus prosper'd all the peaceful arts;
Thus land was join'd to land;
A bridge of floating palaces
The wide Atlantic spanned—
Cunard and Collins carry out
The enterprising scheme,
Which Watt and Fulton long before
Beheld in prospect's dream.
O powerful steam! for thy display,
The railroads too were made,
Swift locomotives inland drew
The pond'rous cars of trade!
The dexter hand of modern power!
To which all others bend!
Who yet may venture to predict
Where thy success shall end?

And next the Electric telegraph
Is into notice brought,
Bearing along with lightning glance
The subtilty of thought.

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In body separated far,
Man meets his brother man,
In the ubiquity of mind,
And tells him every plan.
In vain old Ocean heaves again
And lashes hard his shores,
The wire submerg'd must penetrate
Through all his cherish'd stores;
Carry its secrets without leave
O'er beds of coral rare,
Where formerly the mermaids sat
And combed their dripping hair!

War slumber'd on for forty years—
The sword within the sheath—
And fancy wove, to garland peace,
A fair and fragrant wreath,
The philanthropic eye look'd round
With confidence to see
One universal brotherhood
Of love and amity;
Then was conceiv'd a purpose high—
Good feeling to increase—
Sir Joseph Paxton's grand design,
A monument to peace!

A structure fairy-like and fair,
Reflecting heav'nly dyes !
More gorgeous than those castles rare
Arabian lore supplies !

And here th' antipodes unite
Their distant points extreme,
From East, and West, and South and North,
The living currents stream.
Britannia proudly views the scene,
Where art and wealth conspire
To honor Industry, display'd
In holiday attire.
And Commerce too spreads wide her sails
To aid the sons of toil,
Who bring, with multilingual noise,
Each foreign nation's style.
Loud babbling sounds ! but still unlike
The noise of Shinar's plain ;
All languages commingling here,
Without confusion reign.

Ennobling plan ! to purblind man
How fair the prospect looks !
The warriors soon must turn their swords
To useful pruning hooks.

Thousands survey'd that palace fair,
And only thought of war
To wonder what—with Wilhelmine—
Men kill'd each other for !
Viewing the grand industrial scene—
The rare and costly shows,
From countless throngs, for Peace and arts,
Three mighty cheers arose—
The shouts so loud, that motley crowd
Sent echoing o'er the main
Broke fierce Bellona's slumbers sound !
And War burst forth again.

DEATH OF NAPOLEON AND WELLINGTON.

Ere war again the trumpet blew,
While peace maintain'd her sway,
The mightiest heroes known on earth
Had gently pass'd away.
Napoleon slept, and Valor wept ;
For, surely from the brave,
He claim'd a tear, when his career
Was ended in the grave.
That tear was shed, when France, oppress'd
By national concern,
Ask'd Britain leave, within her breast
His ashes dear to urn ;

And sent, with leave obtain'd,
Across the Ocean's briny foam,
A Prince of Royal blood to bear
Napoleon's relics home !

The conqueror too, who with him threw,
As rival of his fame,
The dang'rous, deadly dice of war
And won the desp'rate game,
Had pass'd away, with honor gray,
And venerable years,
And left a memory bedew'd
With Britain's grateful tears—
The obsequies are hardly o'er—
Scarce clos'd his silent tomb—
Ere follows War the "Funeral car !"
Ambition writhes for room !
Before the Cross of Vladimir
Must Turkey's crescent wane,
And Russia's blade in this crusade
Shall Europe fill with slain.

Reflection here with confidence
An inference may draw—
The "Iron Duke" could war rebuke,
Hold Nicholas in awe !

Death conquers him : the Czar resolves
 (To antecedents blind,)
With Death to league, in cool intrigue,
 And conquer all mankind :
For, uncontroll'd, his sires of old,
 Had prosper'd as they plann'd.
Poland was crush'd, and monarchs blush'd,
 But lent no helping hand,
From frozen plains, where Winter reigns
 In stormy majesty,
His treach'rous sway had work'd its way,
 Far as the Euxine sea.

How strange Ambition never yet
 Could its fruition find !
As Israel's king in Ahab's days
 For Naboth's vineyard pined.
So would the greedy Muscovite,
 At mad Ambition's call,
Appropriate his neighbour's land
 Seraglio and all !
Despotic, proud and headstrong man !
 Who shall his will deny ?
Who turn aside his giant stride ?
 “ The child of destiny ! ”

Napoleon once his brother fought
On Borodino's plain,
But Russian blows and win'try snows
Soon turn'd him home again.

But who comes next to play his part,
By wind or fortune blown,
To rule the liberties of men,
Upon the Empire throne ?
Their wills to sway, and push his own
By dint of purpose bold ?
A new Napoleon reigns in France !
A nephew of the old.
Russia, reflect if thou canst think (?)
On Alexander's day.
For France, be sure, remembers well,
And vengeance will repay.
Her hopes destroy'd ! her wounded pride !
Her sons by treach'ry slain.
Whose scatter'd bones were left to bleach
Upon thy win'try plain.

And more than this, Britannia hears,
Who rules the stormy seas,
The sounds which from St. Petersburg
Are wafted with the breeze

The earthquake-sounds of despotism
 Deep groaning there for room ;
 Alas ! Alas ! to thousands brave,
 Prophetical of doom,
 But will Britannia send her sons
 For Islamism to bleed ?
 Loves she the Koran then so well,
 The arch Impostor's creed ?
 Her sword she draws to aid the cause
 Of balanc'd Righteousness,
 Not that she loves the Koran more,
 But Despotism less.

But can the French, a people brave,
 To jealous honor true,
 Forget Napoleon's old campaigns !
 The rout at Waterloo ?
 Enter with Britain into league,
 And struggling side by side,
 Bear battle's brunt, in ev'ry clime,
 To humble Russian pride ?
 They can, for lo ! in France of late,
 A marvel hath been seen,
 Napoleon, Sovereign elect,
 And Britain's lovely Queen,

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Have met in cordial amity
To settle Russia's doom,
By shaking hands together o'er
The late Napoleon's tomb.

The scales of justice hang aloft !
The allies need not fear—
Prussia may hold a neutral place,
Yet buy her whistle dear.
Austria may veer and vacillate
Or "hang," as she hath done,
"The calf's skin o'er the recreant limbs"
Of her intriguing son.
England and France with Turkey leagu'd,
The Russian fox must teach,
How vain it is to covet grapes
That hang above the reach !
But hark ! upon the Danube now,
War's trumpet loud is blown,
Russia inclines to try her weight
Against the world alone !

THE RUSSIANS ENTER MOLDAVIA, 1853.

Bent on aggression, Nicholas,
To Turkey's trembling gaze,
Lifts high the tinder-torch of strife,
Soon frightfully to blaze.

Prince Gortschakoff has cross'd the Pruth
With menaces of war !
" All for the god of Russia now,
The Russian god-like Czar ! "
The Sultan his Moldavia sees
Converted to a pen,
Inclosing Russian armed troops,
Some seventy thousand men—
Here Gortschakoff and Dannenberg
The patent plan pursue,
In time of Peace the Province fleece,
And urge rebellion too.

For fearful elements of ill
In Turkey hold their place,
The fervor of fanatic zeal
Pervades the border race.
The demi-god of despotism,
To whom the Russians bow,
Claims homage from the Christian Greeks,
Who his demand allow :
A house divided 'gainst itself,
For safety is not sure—
A Kingdom or a Province, then,
Is no less insecure.

The cunning Autocrat his means
From all resources draws !
Mistaken zeal, as well as steel,
May aid a tyrant's cause !

Thus, Nicholas, to gain his point,
Did outrage ev'ry law,
The Porte sublime allow'd him time,
His forces to withdraw :
The space of fifteen days at most
By Omar Pasha named,
If Gortschakoff did not withdraw,
Then war would be proclaimed.
But Gortschakoff ! no power had he !
Like other passive things,
The puppet general could but move
As Nich'las pull'd the strings.—
As time will fly, the days went by,
The Czar but little cared,
The Provinces he would not yield,
And Turkey war declar'd.

Oh ! those were spirit-stirring times,
When Turkey's crescent flew
Victoriously, at Kalafat
And Oltenitza, too.

When valiant Omar Pacha rais'd
The Moslem standard high,
And Allah ! shouted loud the Turks,
Their usual battle-cry
When Dannenberg and Perloff fought
For Russia might and main,
But turn'd about, were put to rout,
And lost two thousand slain ;
Ambition's altar smokes with blood !
But thousands more will hold
Sad earnest of a reck'ning large
When all the tale is told.

THE SIEGE OF SILISTRIA.

While in Wallachia, Omar thus
Did humble Russian pride,
The Russians, in their turn, attack
On the Bulgarian side.
The Turks are far outnumber'd here,
Yet lose they not their trust,
But, "doubly arm'd," as men they stand
Who know "their quarrel just."
The Czar has sent his fiat forth—
Silistria must be
Reduc'd at once to Russian rule,
By storm or strategy.

Ten thousand men for its defence
Within the works are found ;—
Schilders and fifty thousand troops
The citadel surround !

The odds of war 'gainst Turkey here
Are fearful, it is true.
Brave Moussa Pacha on his hands
Has plenty work to do.
The prospect dark, with gathering fear,
Might shade the bravest brow,
England and France had promis'd aid,—
Where are those succors now ?
The gallant Turks the *tragic part*
Heroically play,
And yet, the Russians, reinforc'd,
Are stronger every day—
Surrounded thus, how can they long
Th' unequal warfare wage ?
How save Silistria from th' effect
Of Russia's deadly rage ?

In this suspense, still struggling hard,
The gallant Turks are seen,
When, suddenly, two Englishmen
Appear upon the scene :

Butler and Nasmyth, Officers
From India homeward bound,
Stop at Silistria, on their way,
And take a glance around.
Their blood gets warm, to see the storm !—
They enter with good will
Into the spirit of the time,
With Engineering skill,
Assist the Turks in their defence,
Who with redoubled zeal,
Make Russia's hordes, tho' five to one,
Their dreadful vengeance feel.

At midnight deep, the time for sleep,
The 29th of May,
The year of grace now '54,
Arriv'd the dreadful day.
Schilders commenced a grand attack
With desperation bold,
And volleys loud of musketry
From *Arab Tabia* roll'd.
Illani Tabia too is stormed,
With equal confidence—
Two earthworks on the Eastern side,
Silistria's best defence,

But storm'd, convuls'd, re-form'd, repuls'd,
These works they cannot pass ;
Volleys of grape and canister
Mow thousands down like grass.

Prince Paskevitch has now arriv'd—
A flag of truce appears !—
Who thus salutes—Rabshakeh like—
Brave Moussa Pacha's ears.
The mighty Czar by me to you
“Imperial message” sends,
“Silistria *must be taken*” now,
And so the message ends.—
The gallant Turk replied at once,
With bold, undaunted face,
“My master, Abdel Medjid, says
I *must* defend the place ;
And had I but a thousand men,
I'd yield to no attack,
Tho' Nicholas, your master, led
All Russia at his back.”

But four days after, the assault
Was fiercely made again,
And Moussa Pacha, ever brave,
Was number'd with the slain.

Death revelled 'mid the carnage then,
And gloated as he view'd ;
How Russia's bands, with each repulse,
The dire attack renew'd.
Soon after, Captain Butler, too,
In this defence did fall,
Struck in the forehead by a spent,
But fatal, musket ball.
To those besieg'd, the loss was great,—
But still Silistria stood
Intact, defended by the Turks,
Baptiz'd around with blood.

For five and forty days and nights,
Went on this dreadful strife,
Fraught to the bold beleagu'ring host
With fearful loss of life.
The conduct of the Turks throughout
Commands the highest praise.
At length the Russians, beaten sore,
The siege are forc'd to raise.
Ambition's altar smokes again !
War's incense-clouds arise !
Eight thousand victims here are slain
To form one sacrifice.

Ambitious Czar, thy murd'rous war
Destroys both foe and friend—
If this but the beginning be,
What shall be in the end ?

THE MASSACRE AT SINOPE.

What great exploits, as hist'ry writes,
Connected are with war
Upon the sea ; Aboukir Bay !
St. Vincent ! Trafalgar !
When Nelson led the British fleet,
And when that hero fell,
“ England expected every man
Would do his duty ” well,
And so he did : and so should men
Who battle on the wave ;
That element itself inspires,
And tars are mostly brave,
To dare the forms of wars and storms ;
Thro' double dangers plough ;
But Russia's cowardly marine
Must form exception now.

Of Turkey's fleet, far from complete,
Twelve sail at anchor lay,
(Charg'd with provisions for Batoum)
Within Sinope Bay.

This small flotilla of the Turks,
Design'd for peaceful trade,
Two days were held in sad suspense,
In terms of strict blockade ;
A Russian fleet outside the Bay
Was cruising on and off,
Commanded by a Russian old,
One Admiral Nachimoff
With barb'rous purpose freighted deep,
How barb'rous who shall tell?
As barb'rous as the Russian names
Are cruel hard to spell !

'Twas in the Autumn of the year,
November 30th day,
When Knock 'em-off? (drat that hard name!)
Stood straight into the Bay,
Before the wind, and open'd loud
The deadly cannon's roar,
From Russia's first-rate ships of War,
Which heaviest metal bore,
Upon the poor defenceless Turks,
Whom dreadful doom betides,
With diabolical intent they pour
Their big broadsides.

Most murd'rous shot ! red hissing hot !
Chain, canister and grape,
And seaward guard the coast around,
Lest any should escape.

A huge three-decker thund'ring loud
In this infernal play,
Bears down to board the *Navick* ship,
Commander Ali Bey.
The Turk has nail'd his country's flag
High on the tow'ring mast
Nil desperandum his device !
The die is quickly cast !
No efforts brave his ship can save ;
By Russian treachery,
His gallant crew—what can they do?—
He sees must butcher'd be !
A sudden gleam illumines the stream,
The spark electric ! bright
Has touch'd the fatal magazine !
Five hundred cease to fight.

“ Toll for the brave ” beneath the wave,
Their memory is not lost !
These murders will but swell the bill,
When Russia pays the cost.

Of all the Sultan's squadron there,
Which floated on the tide
The *Taif* alone escap'd, the rest
Were sunken and destroy'd
Adroitly and discreetly she
Her cable slipt and ran,
When Nachimoff his butch'ry base
With horrid glee began.
She took the other desp'rate chance,
And good her passage made,
By steaming through and dodging too
The vigilant Blockade

Three thousand victims more ; alas !
The chronicle is true !
To murd'rous Moloch sacrific'd
The furious fire pass through !
Not by the common usages
Of honorable strife,
Restrain'd by war's rude courtesy,
With equal chance for life,
But cowardly as those dark deeds
Which vile assassins mark,
Who meet their victims unprepar'd,
And stab them in the dark :

Rifle their pockets it may be,
If no alarm they hear,
Then run away and hide themselves,
For cowards always fear.

So acted Nachimoff's big fleet ;
Soon as the deed was done,
Directly for Sebastopol
They took an instant run ;
And soon securely hid themselves
Within that Russian den,
Nor ever show'd their ugly hulks
Outside of port again—
Still tracing the analogy—
An inference to draw—
Assassins sometimes, it is known,
Anticipate the law,
Forget Dame nature's primal rule,
Which teaches self defence,
And hang themselves to save the State
The trouble and expense.

And what became of Russia's fleet
That did the business sly ?
My readers here will, if they please,
The reasoning apply,—

But when these tidings reached the Czar,
St. Petersburg did blaze,
Illuminations grand appear'd !
Healths, festivals and plays !
Follow'd each other round and round !
As if beneath the sun
Some wonderful exploit indeed,
By brav'ry had been done !
When sank that fleet, and news went home,
Could *Johnny Bull* have seen
The Russian capital at night,
How dark it must have been !

BOMBARDMENT OF ODESSA AND SEBASTOPOL.

Well might the Russian Armament,
On hearing Rumor's sounds,
For safety, scud as fast as deer
Will run away from hounds.
The French and English fleets appear
With Turkey's cause allied,
The steam is up, the canvass spread,
They cut the foaming tide.
And such a fleet ! so full, complete !
Before the gale set free,
The naval world in Nelson's day
Had never hoped to see.

Encourag'd by their Sovereigns' smiles,
Each gallant *jack-a-tar*,
That walks those decks is eager for
The "Jack-a-Russian" war.

As Eastward bound they work around,
Their vessels neat they trim—
Lord Byron and Leander like—
The Hellespont to swim.
For war—not love! that feat perform'd!
To show what they can do,
And beat these other heroes blind,
They swim the Bosphorus too!
Indeed, while in Besika Bay,
To future purpose blind,
As long as all the ships *could swim*,
They'd little else to mind.
But now upon the Euxine sea,
The coast around they view,
And Varna make, for shelter's sake,
Their place of rendezvous.

Ye cowards of Sinope! now
Prepare for equal fight:
England and France have war declar'd
Against the Muscovite!

Proceeding to Odessa straight,
A flag of truce is seen—
The British Consul must repair
Unto his own Marine !
But little use was flag of truce
To British tars that day—
The Russians saw the friendly sign,
And at it blaz'd away !
What ! violate the " Rules of War "
Laid down by Christian Kings ?—
Odessa must bombarded be,
To teach them better things !

So will'd Dundas and Hamelin.
On some succeeding day,
The shot and shell, directed well,
Did on Odessa play.
'That fleet allied, the world could beat !
Might they not easily
Have carried Osten-Sacken off
As proof of victory ?
But for some reason of their own,
As yet not very clear—
But which, if history don't forget,
The world one day may hear—

They stopp'd ere half the work was done !
Odessa yet was spar'd !
Though Osten-Sacken and the Russ
Most dreadfully were scar'd !

But all about the fleet of war,
It were too long to tell ;
As gallant tars we must suppose
They did their duty well.
We know they fearlessly oppos'd
Their country's " Wooden Walls "
To Russia's *granite forts*, which threw
The heaviest bombs and balls.
In fewest words that we can find—
To sum up once for all—
About the sea-bombardment
Of the fam'd Sebastopol—
If these defences were not breach'd,
Sure as we see the sun,
To breach them was *impossible*,
And *therefore* 'twas not done.

THE CONCLUSION.

Rein in the Muse, 'tis time to rest ;
My story has outrun
The limits I design'd for it,
When it was late begun ;

Much, very much, remains to tell,
But time and space would fail
Did I attempt, in formal style,
To give the full detail
Of battles fought, and vict'ries won,
Since Russia war began,
At Alma, Balaklava, and
Again at Inkerman :
These mighty throes of lab'ring war,
In retrospection seen,
To Russia's cause, and honor too,
Most damaging have been.

But often after conquest's day,
Humanity has sigh'd,
To think upon the thousands brave,
In vict'ry's arms who died—
Leaving to future Hist'ry's care
Full many a noble name,
To keep as long as war's exploits
Are link'd with those of fame,
And wept for those who yet must pay
The penalties and pains,
In widowhood and orphanage,
Of Glory's bright Campaigns.

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For wasted wealth, for ruined health !
Hearts broken or forlorn !
And mis'ry which must yet extend
To millions now unborn !

From heroes brave, laid in the grave,
Reflection now may turn,
To mark the wretched tyrant's fate,
And something useful learn :
Where now is Nicholas Romanoff ?
He who so much could dare !
The ~~man~~ response is "echo's" voice,
Which only "answers—where ?"
He war could wage, but left the stage
Before its work was done,
Bequeathing it as legacy
To his ambitious son.
Of this bequest, though not the best,
How careful he has been,
And how he seems to prize it yet,
The world at large has seen.

How many grasping tyrants bold,
Ambitious of a name,
Have sired for universal rule !
But disappointment came :

For this has Spain made effort vain,
Spain of the olden School ;
For this has Turkey fought, but fail'd
To fix the Moslem Rule ;
For this has France, allur'd by chance,
Reach'd conquest's farthest blow,
Till nations leagued declared to Her,
Thou shalt no farther go !
England and Russia battled then
'Gainst France to turn the game !
England and France 'gainst Russia now—
The object still the same !

But after all that Kings can do,
Or Emperors command,
The Righteous balance still is held,
By an Almighty hand :
The hand that wrote upon the wall
The proud Belshazzar's doom,
Who, flush'd with drunken revelry,
Did impiously presume
To quaff his wine from cups divine,
Tho' Israel's captives moan.
And praise the gods of silver, brass,
Of iron, wood, and stone.

Heav'n rules by Kings in righteousness,
Let Haughty tyrants hear,—
The humble hearken and rejoice,
And Pride bow down with fear.

In the CRIMEA heard no more
Is the cannon's deadly roar !
Nations, tir'd of war's affray,
Instincts more humane obey—
Mercy stoops her heav'nly form !
Hushes up the *iron* storm !

BRITISH BULL-DOGS.

Heav'n preserve and keep us far
From the ravages of war !
We've been able to remark
How the British *bull-dogs* bark ;
Heard them, where the waters flow
Of the gentle *Hillsboro'*,
Crack again ! and louder crack
From the *Valorous* and *Cossack* !
From the HERO'S port-holes wide,
And the *Ariadne's* side !
Felt them in the time of peace—
Only sporting for caprice—
Make the very houses jar !—
Heav'n preserve us all from war !

A NIGHT-VISIT TO PARNASSUS.

I dreamed that on Parnassus fair,
Where all was fresh around me,
Inhaling heavenly ether rare,
The muses, wand'ring, found me ;
With agile step they tripped along—
Nine buxom, blooming lasses—
And raised in turn the varied song,
That echo'd round Parnassus.

I knew these symphonies of old—
For oft, in midnight slumbers,
To that sweet spot had fancy stroll'd,
And scann'd the magic numbers ;
Of power to soothe the poet's soul
When trembling with emotion,
Or heard where stormy billows roll,
Might lullaby the ocean !

At first my bosom shrank with fear—
I strove to shun their glances,
As, hand in hand, approaching near,
They quickened their advances !
I dreaded they, displeas'd, might chide
My roving, rash volition—
For none might climb that mountain side
Without their high permission.

Their looks did all my fears beguile—
Kind looks of friendly greeting,
Like those which light the lover's smile
When absence ends in meeting.
They ask'd me whence I came; and why,
To all the Nine a stranger,
I climb'd upon that mountain high,
The mazy steep of danger?

Accosted thus with queries bland,
And courteous inclination,
I felt my fluttering breast expand
With quite a new pulsation;
Till soon assur'd, without dismay,
The truth I did discover,
That fancy, luring, led the way,
And I became a rover.

Thro' meads, when Spring, of gentle mien,
With Flora's train resided—
Thro' shades, when Summer o'er the scene
With glowing warmth presided—
Abroad, when lovely landscapes stand
With varying colors tinted,
And Autumn spreads with bounteous hand,
His golden stores unstinted.

As Winter, speeding round the globe
Mid storm and desolation,
Hid nature's green, beneath his robe
Of white, from observation ;
I saw him shade the solar ray
Behind his storm-fledg'd pinion,
And further rob the short'ning day
To lengthen night's dominion.

I saw him venting wild his spleen
To ravage fair creation,
Then coldly smiling o'er the scene
With heartless approbation—
Beheld him ride the forest air,
The frost with moisture blending,
Till every branch, with foliage fair,
Of glitt'ring frost, was bending.

Thus free thro' nature I did rove :
At last my feet did wander
Into that pathway poets love,
When measur'd verse they ponder.
As fancy led, I follow'd still,
And cheer'd the way with rhyming,
Until I reach'd Parnassus hill,
On which they found me climbing.

Methought the sisters all gave ear
Attentively to hear me—
Then, upwards pointing my career,
They promis'd on to cheer me ;
One wreath'd a garland neat and trim,
In Spring's own colors shining,
Her beauteous fingers tapering slim,
The flow'ry twigs entwining.

Then holding up the fair festoon
High as the nymph could bear it,
"This is," said she, "the poet's boon,
Who fairly wins shall wear it!"—
I felt within her power supreme,
A flood of inspiration—
I woke—behold!—'twas all a dream—
A fond hallucination!

O, sleep! beneath thy gentle sway,
When care-worn man reposes,
Life's up-hill, rugged, thorny way,
Seems cheer'd with songs and roses,
And lovely visions, all unreal,
Of fancy's brisk adorning,
Before the slumbering senses steal,—
To vanish in the morning.

THE SLEIGH BUBBLE!—1852.

*** "Here hangs a tale!" one Captain Sleigh
Came to our Isle, report did say,
A very Rothschild in his way,—
A banker steady.
For all St. Peter's, he could pay
The *rhino* ready!

You may be sure he made a noise,
And filled the Island with surprise;
Through haze, *incog.*, as large did rise
His looming form
As Cape St. George, to sailors' eyes,
Before a storm.

Well! Captain Sleigh, the rich, the rare!
In every mouth was every where;
And, to be sure, how some did stare!
With mouths wide gaping!
And others cut both earth and air
Bowing and scraping!

Last Spring, the Strait he went across,
On to New York, with little loss
Of time, and got the Albatross,
The arrant schemer!
She gave the whole affair its gloss—
That flashy steamer!

Return'd ! the lion of the hour !
A large estate seem'd in his pow'r—
Up to Morell he made a tour,
 Angled and sported,
And scatter'd *largesse* by the shower !
 (So 'twas reported.)

Not yet Lieutenant-Colonel *bruided*,—
So high was *Captain* Sleigh reputed,
That a great dinner next was mooted,
 Of choice description !
As his high dignity well suited,
 A pound subscription !

But no hotel had "*quantum suff*"
Of dining-room, in which to stuff
One hundred guests, with Captain Puff
 And Sam's legation :
It should be almost large enough
 For the London Corporation !

And now for "wigs upon the green !"
O virtuous Birch ! how rose thy spleen ?
The Assembly Room was emptied clean
 To meet their wishes,
And tables introduced, were seen
 Groaning with dishes.

Ye epicures, who take delight
 In feasting, morning, noon, and night,
 What would you give for just the sight
 Of such provision,
 And choicest wines, all sparkling bright,
 T' enrich your vision ?

E'en Charlottetown's chaste daughters fair,
 Such feasting of the eyes to share,
 Seated around the gall'ries were,
 That festive night !—
 All who a dollar well could spare
 For—not a bite !

The dinner o'er, the crumbs were clear'd,
 When toasts and *sentiments* were heard :
 The Queen, of course,—name so endear'd
 To all the nation—
 Some speaker spoke, and loud was cheer'd
 With approbation.

After the Queen—"here's Captain Sleigh,
 Our honor'd guest from far away ;
 With right good will we hail this day,*
 His bright appearing !
 Long, long among us may he stay."
 (Tremendous cheering !)

* If it were not for the rhyme, the writer is of opinion "this night" would be preferable.

He gave response, in happy style,
With easiest flow and blandest smile,
Prais'd his broad acres in this Isle,
Replete with beauties ;
And preach'd a homily meanwhile
On landlords' duties.

The great " Legation " too did spout
His bunkum freely, soft side out,
A long oration, all about
Old animosity—
Kind feeling now, to end, no doubt,
In Reciprocity.

'Twere long to tell, for much was said
Of forfeits, fish, and mutual trade
The " Albatross," each trip she made,
Might bring some notion,
And steam off stock, for money paid,
Across the Ocean.

'Tis said the Turkeys, hearing this,
Gobbled ; and gabbling geese did hiss ;
Each sheep, with trembling in its fleece,
Bleated amain,
While loud the kine, their young to miss,
Bellow'd again.

As hues of pure prismatic dye
 Fade fast before the admiring eye ;
 As northern lights pass thro' the sky,
 Or scud, or smoke,
 This bubble big just flitted by,
 And then it broke !

And left our Island *Captain* Sleigh,
 Lieutenant Colonel yesterday :—
 The "*Albatross*" would never pay,
 And no great wonder,
Sans eggs or geese, she steam'd away
 With noise like thunder !

A FRAGMENT.

Observation,
 Causality,
 Wit,
 Benevolence, &c.,

Combativeness,
 Destructiveness,
 Philo progenitiveness,
 Amativeness, &c.

These are the principal bumps of the brain !
 Which, if well understood, there is nothing more
 plain !
 For the facts they convey, amount to a rule,
 By which to distinguish the sage from the fool !

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Some jut out before and others behind ;
Some govern the body, more govern the mind ;
By them, if mistrustful, the lover may know
Where the tide of his passion in safety may flow !
Should the mother, while dandling her babe on
her knee,

An overgrown *bump of destructiveness* see,
By applying her finger, and pressing it down
While yet it is tender, it, up to the crown !
Perhaps to the seat of *benevolence* flies,
And straightway, by junction, increases its size !
All explained by the *scribe* of flourishing flash,
Who play'd on our Islanders rigs of *Pugwash* :
Who taught in twelve lessons our fingers to fly,
While our brains were transparencies under his eye !
That gull'd the dupes, who, for nothing but trash,
Both wasted their time and squander'd their cash ;
Who, thro' mud and thro' mire, trudg'd over the
ground,
And attended the school that Jack found !

THE YANKEE FEED !—1853.

Across the stormy Ocean's wave,
In England's happy Isle—
Land of the wealthy and the brave—
Lives old John Bull in style :

A steady, sturdy gentleman,
Who, when the humor flows,
Sings "Rule Britannia" o'er again—
The only song he knows.

But, while he stays at home to feast
In majesty—at ease—
He rules one-half the world at least,
By ruling all the seas.
Where'er you look, from pole to pole,
In climates foul or fair,
Where sunbeams shine, or Oceans roll,
You'll find his bunting there.

Long may it fly to meet our view,
Unsullied as of yore,
And o'er our lovely Island, too,
Stream proudly as before.
For Uncle Sam, this current year,
In genuine Yankee style,
Has broken number X., 'tis clear,
By coveting this Isle.

Last Summer, when the leaves were green,
(October turns them brown,)
Two Yankee Steamships might be seen
Approaching Charlottetown.

The question rose—what can it be
Has brought them to our shore ?
Some far-fetch'd, deep diplomacy
This earl of Stirling bore !

Now, Mr. Bull, you must be told,
Sent out, the other year,
Two steamships, mann'd with Britons bold,
To do his business here—
To hoist his colors to the breeze,
To watch his fishing grounds,
And keep his slippery enemies
Within their proper bounds.

In short, if Uncle Sam forgot
The treaty, and should dare
To take our fish, with shell and shot
To blow him into air.
But, "stars and stripes!" he comes this way ;
A friendly fuss is made,
And the dinner tune of Captain Sleigh,
To soapy Sam, is play'd.

Our Town was full of men of note :
The gallant General Gore
Had landed ; and the *Princeton* boat
Brought Shubrick Commodore—

Follow'd by Yankees lank and tall—
And so of high degree—
Captains and reefers, mids and all,
Prime for a glorious spree!

All great events revolving by,
Unto the muse belong,
She marks them well, with curious eye,
And weaves them into song;
But sometimes harsh must be her rhyme,
With discords running through,
"God save the Queen!" is hard to chime
With "Yankee doodle do."

Nor easily is set to tune
A Legislative Hall,
Converted into a Saloon,
And ransack'd by a ball!—
O virtuous *Birch*! how rose thine ire
As once it rose before,
When Sleigh most set the place on fire
With declamation's roar!

Within that Hall, a banquet rare
Was then display'd to view;
Great men, of different lands, were there,
And bright-eyed ladies, too—

And, true or false, by some 'tis said
Champagne went sparkling free;
To viands rich was duty paid,
With rare gastronomy.

The evening pass'd, with toast and glee,
And sentiment, along;
Bacchus, enthron'd 'mid revelry,
Breath'd *spirits* into song
So much, the temperance band took fright,
And literally *disband-ed*;
For such a noise was made that night
That Pippy could not stand-it.

'Tis just to say, the sober men,
And all the bright array
Of beauty, did retire at ten,
And homeward bend their way;
But many more cried out "*encore!*"
Who, who from this would stray?
Brave tars ashore, all "half seas o'er!"
We'll keep it up till day!

Such was the cry! but by and by—
Tho' Sam was feasted *free*—
The fact was seen, 'twas very green
To give the Coon a spree.

Afloat again, he takes his pen
Another coon to tell !
What dainty cheer he met with here,
Where Island laggards dwell.

Well, there are rules to tutor fools :
The "*dejeuner*" is one ;
To take the fish from off our dish
May seem good Yankee fun ;
But dont presume, Sam !—stay at home,
For, though with brisk champagne
The laggards dull once fill'd you full.
They wont be fool'd again.

Yes stay at home ! or, if you roam,
Dont tread on people's toes.
Your actions mean are foul, unclean,—
As Colonel Peter knows—
Else Mr. Bull, whose sovereign rule
You wish so much to share,
Will bang you well with shot and shell,
And blow you into air !

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THE HERO OF KARS.

"Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!"—SCOTT.

HAIL to the hero immortal in story !
Honor'd of Britain and favor'd of MARS,
On to Prince Edward he comes in his glory,
Hail to the gallant defender of KARS !

Fame thro' the nation
Bespeaks him ovation—
Loudly his merits and movements declares,
To do him honor, then,
Shout, all my countrymen,
Hail to the gallant defender of KARS !

Here's no impostor of artful intention,
Striving our homage undue to provoke,
Blowing large bubbles of empty pretension,
Bursting in air but to vanish like smoke ;
History names him,
England proclaims him
Worthy of honor—return'd from the wars—
To do him homage, then,
Shout, all ye Islandmen,
Hail to the gallant defender of KARS !

First of the brave, he, by heroes surrounded,
Strong as a lion—undauntedly bold,
Held a position where perils abounded—
Menac'd by famine and threaten'd by cold.

Frankly his enemy

Honor'd his bravery:

Writing despatches to him of the Czars,

What says the Russian Chief,

General Mouravieff?

“ Brave is the gallant defender of KARS ! ”

Rouse thee, my muse! and with praises reward him,

Loudly in pæans his welcome prepare ;

Honor Prince Edward, be thine to accord him,

Worthy the badges of Honor to wear ;

Long may the olive bough

Wave o're the hero's brow,

Peace be his portion—return'd from the wars,—

And, all my countrymen,

Shout, 'till it rings again,—

Health and long life to the hero of KARS !

WHISKY *VERSUS* BEER:

A PARODY.

The votes for Beer were gathering fast,
Loud roar'd the wild Election's blast ;
The eager voters throng'd amain,—
I saw them scouring o'er the plain ;
The partizans were fill'd with fear
As struggled Whisky *versus* Beer,
While thro' the air, with deaf'ning clang,
"*Carthago est delenda !*" rang.

Now Snatchers mourn their hopes forlorn,
By rude election's ravage torn—
Across the placid, azure sky,
They see the long Beer's bunting fly ;
Chill runs the blood to hear them rave,
Like sailors shipwreck'd on the wave,
Who, o'er the billows, see the shore,
But never hope to reach it more.

'Tis not that Beer, with ready skill,
A sheep, a cow, an ox can kill !
That makes the Snatchers feel so sore,
For Coles had slaughter'd calves before :

But tell the truth, and 'twill be found
 The Poll Books did inflict the wound
 That bleeds, when they declare "as how"
"Carthago est delenda" now.

Farewell, election's bribes and fibs!
 Farewell, electioneering squibs,
 And ribald rhyme, that freely deals
 In type, calves' head and bullocks' heels!
 Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
 Keep cool, howe'er the matter goes!
 And, man of Ross, farewell to you!
"Carthago est delenda," too.

SELOC'S WARNING:—A PARODY.

WIZARD.

O Seloc, O Seloc! beware of the day,
 When the voters shall meet thee in polling array,
 For the Candidates' hustings appear to my eye,
 And the hopes of the Snatchers forever must die.
 They rally, they push, in a wild tempest tost,
 To recover the places they grieve to have lost:
McLeod, in his tartan, rides over the plain,
 And *Beer* is there fresh for the contest again.

But hark ! thro' the columns assembled to vote,
 What sound greets the ear of most ominous note ?
 'Tis the spirit of whisky, extracted from grain,
 In the hot-bed of strife, lending fire to the brain ;
 But, thanks to the Temperance men of the age,
 That spirit so deadly is curb'd in his rage ;
 No more can he boast an unlimited sway,
 A tyrant despotic, whom fools must obey,
 For the Skyeman's* bold legions shall chase him
 afar,
 With all his attendants, keg, bottle and jar,
 And banish this turbulent spirit so bold
 Where Petticoat-Louis† was banish'd of old.

SELOC.

Go preach to the Tories, thou dark-sighted seer !
 I tell thee his legions no more shall appear,
 Nor the Skyeman himself ; it is more than he dare,
 Since I threaten'd to horsewhip him well on the
 Square.

WIZARD.

Ha ! laugh'st thou, proud Seloc, my vision to scorn ?
 I tell thee once more that thy case is forlorn.

* John Arbuckle, Esquire, who was then on a Temperance Campaign in the country, and who had the credit of killing two birds with one stone.

† " For many a beast to dead she shot."—BUANS.

Say, where are the plumpers recorded of yore,
 That roll'd back the tide of the battle before?
 And the tartaned and bonneted clansmen so proud
 That rise to the franchise at beck of *McLeod*?
 From the New London Capes, see! they gather
 in swarms,
 Like bees when the sunshine the Colony warms!
 Lo! the franchise extended, so wide in its scope,
 So vaunted and boasted of, offers no hope!
 For the ranks of thy rivals, Oh, mercy! I see
 Are swell'd by its working as six are to three.
 Why hold they those meetings? why eagerly roam
 Those rude Politicians so far from their home?
 What mean those dark shadows, portentous, that
 flow
 Past the film of my vision? Ah! surely I know:
 They're the staunch, sturdy freemen, in clusters
 who crowd,
 To poll at the hustings for *Beer* and *McLeod*!

SELOC.

False Wizard, *avaunt*! I have counted the cost
 Of a general Election for that which I lost;
 I have spoken the word, and the country shall be
 Bamboozled by old Barny Boozle and me.
 We have taken our stand, and, to render all sure,
 We have work'd all the winter our plans to mature;

Then a fig for the cost, constitution, or laws,
For the Skyeman himself, or the "long bow" he
draws ;

While the legions of *Mooney*, my boast and my
pride,

And the Rustico Frenchmen, are both on my side.
Besides that dread phalanx, whose names, by the
bye,

In satin, and maple, and lavender lie,
Then welcome be *Beer* and *McLeod* to the shock,
Let them dash to the hustings like foam to the
rock ;

But woe to the tories, and woe to their cause,
When Seloc his horsewhip indignantly draws,
All plaited and knotted to open his way—

WIZARD.

O Seloc, O Seloc ! beware of that day !
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But *Binns* cannot hide what elections reveal.
'Tis the sunset of Snatcherdom fills me with lore,
And Dominick's shadow comes *Daly* before :
I tell thee Campbelton echoes shall ring
With the voices of those who exultingly sing,
And spread the wild slogan's tumultuous roar
Around the whole borders, thy *District* no more.

'Tis finished ; the Poll Books are clos'd on my
sight,
Till Fourke, high in office, shall bring them to
light ;

O, who can divine what events may befall
Ere that day ? or who then may a scrutiny call ?
But where shall be Selock ? the dray body—where ?
The big car that once made the big boobies stare ?
The bugles, the bogles, the rattling of drums
And the Flag of the Conquering Hero that comes ?
All lost to my vision—e'en he is not seen
Of the verdegris bunting, invisible green,
Who mounted of yore the one-ninth of a man—
Wav'd the cabbage-leaf flag in the conqueror's van ;
Even Rag-tag and bob-tail, I see them not there,
To grace a proud victor, and cover his rear,
Breathing fumes of raw whisky to poison the
gale——

SELOC.

Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not thy tale ;
For never shall Seloc such destiny meet,
Or be thrown off his legs while he stands on his
feet ;
Tho' my voters, when summ'd by the dozen and
score,
Be again, as they have been outnumber'd before,

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He never shall cease to look out for the day
Of the iron-rod rule, which the Snatchers shall sway;
But unchang'd until then, and for ever the same,
Shall scowl wrathfully round from the hot-bed of
blame.

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED MERCHANT.

My gallant brig, old Neptune's pride,
Floats the proud "Monarch" of the tide;
The zephyr's gentle breath is seen
Upon the river, fringed with green,
While here, immur'd, I sit and sigh,
And languish after liberty.

I hate this narrow prudish rule,
This *relic* of monastic school,
Which drives all mirth and harmless play
In anger from these walls away;
Which pleasure's every wish controls,
And damps the joy of kindred souls.

I wish these limbs again were free,
And strong, as they were wont to be;
As when their force assail'd the door,
When B——d lay dormant on the floor,

Who, trembling such assault to hear,
His frame almost distill'd with fear.

But courage ! why should I repine ?
A dire revenge may yet be mine ;
Yet may my bright, unsheathed sword
Be furbished round " New Bideford,"
And, ere its fatal course he stay'd,
The Princess Fan may lose her head.

AN INDIAN LAMENT.

Away have ninety summers roll'd,
And ninety winters rude,
Since fair Prince Edward—call'd of old
St. John—a forest stood ;
A forest grand, were it but seen
When charming Spring would smile ;
Not Erin show'd a brighter green,
Though call'd the *emerald* Isle.

Then lord of all that he survey'd,
From morning until e'en,
The Indian follow'd Ishmael's trade,
With bow and arrows keen.

Through weary ways he tracked the moose,
For Indian banquet rare ;
Or, in their season, shot the goose,
Or trapp'd the shaggy bear.

The Micmac race was numerous then,
And roamed through all the land ;
They scarcely knew the pale-fac'd men—
Had never heard of *Rand* ;
For all their wants the forest gave
A ready full supply ;
But their Cacique—a warrior brave—
Was every Indian's joy.

The feather which his cap did show—
The badge of chieftain true—
Far as the Indian's sight could go
Each Micmac warrior knew ;
Seven " Ouquis " tails did, waving free,
Around his shoulders play ;
Two patch, two cross, the other three
Were black, or silver gray.

When all the tribe, upon the sand,
Would mimic war's affray,
With lithest leg and strongest band,
He led the savage play :

And swifter yet, that Chief so brave,
Than streaked lightning flew,
When Louis Mitchell o'er the wave
Did paddle his canoe !

Years roll'd away—the white man came,
Look'd greedily around,
And, to his everlasting shame,
Spoil'd all the hunter's ground ;
He fell'd the woods, to make his home,
With many a ruthless blow,
And where the hungry fox might roam,
Spread *strychnine* on the snow ;

Till not a *reynard* could be seen
To cross the Indians' way,
Or red, or glossy, raven sheen,
Or black, or silver grey ;
And when the spring—that season bright—
Brought other game to view,
The white man's boat was painted white,
And he was hunter too !

In places where the Indian knew
The " Saagaaban " was found,
The greedy white man's "*taters*" grew,
And rotted in the ground ;

Fit emblem, surely, to describe
The Micmac's waning lot :
Hence, Werand Mitchel mourns his tribe—
Doom'd soon to be forgot.

Now few are left of all the race ;
That Indian brave is dead :
The remnant scarce can find a place
Their birchen rinds to spread ;
Grief turn'd the last young Mitchell's heart
As heavy as a stone,
And WERAND, from his tribe apart,
Roams through the *Globe* alone.

ON THE DEATH OF HON. PETER STEWART MAC-
NUTT, OF DARNLEY, DECEASED FEB. 4TH, 1846.

When *native* worth from earth departs,
To find a home in brighter skies ;
When gushing sorrow rends our hearts,
And opens fountains in our eyes—
Say, shall the sympathizing Muse
A cold, ungenerous silence keep ?
Or, in her thoughtlessness, refuse
To weep with stricken friends who weep ?

No! suffering under death's fell scourge,
 Grief's saddest accents shall she form;
 And lift her melancholy dirge
 Above the howling wintry storm!
 Hers shall be no dissembling show
 Of sorrow, passionless, unreal!—
 The idle mockery of woe,
 Which it were better to conceal;

But genuine tears of deep distress,
 Which from the eyes can only flow,
 When sorrow's most profound recess
 Is measur'd by the hand of woe:
 Such drops—in mem'ry of the dead—
 Of him who claim'd my best regard,
 From grief's deep fountain shall be shed—
 A tribute from the humble bard.

While on this earth, he lov'd to spend
 His life, with charity in view;
 To every *public* cause, a friend,
 To every *private* virtue, true.
 His was—to selfishness unknown—
 A heart benevolent and kind,
 A generous *will* in actions shewn,
 The *mirror* of a noble mind.

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And has he done so soon with time,
And friends, and all things here below ?
When vig'rous manhood in its prime,
Might little fear the *mortal* blow.
Grim tyrant, Death ! could nought assuage
Thine envious wrath ?—thy power allay ?
Hadst thou no victim for thy rage,
But woman's hope and childhood's stay ?

Alas ! could neither art nor skill
Exert its friendly power to save ?—
Avert the stroke of threat'ning ill,
And cheat the cold, dark, silent grave ?
Ah, no !—but his remember'd worth
Shall many a pensive thought consume ;
Shall find a grave in warmer earth,
And rest in memory's *living* tomb.

ON THE DEATH OF MY GOOD
FRIEND, JOHN BOVYER.

The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

Death, like a tyrant strong,
Has aim'd a fatal blow,
And laid, with the promiscuous throng,
The christian warrior low.

But, falling at his post,
No sorrowing song we sing—
The grave has little cause to boast
When death has lost its sting.

The sting of death is sin,
The strength of sin the law ;
But sovereign grace, supreme within,
Has power that sting to draw ;
And Bovyer's simple worth
This grace reflected well,
He magnified its power on earth,
It conquered when he fell.

For everlasting gain,
(Still watching unto prayer)
The perils of a long campaign
He manfully did share ;
Earth's wealth and glittering show
Accounted but as dross,
And, rich in poverty below,
Could glory in the cross.

That blood-stain'd banner bright,
Once to his gaze unfurl'd,
He follow'd fearlessly, in spite
Of Satan and the world ;

Still kept the prize in view,
And onward nobly press'd
The glorious march, for well he knew
This earth was not his rest.

The fulness of that love,
The freeness of the grace,
Which brought Immanuel from above
To save a fallen race ;
These were his themes of song
From youth to hoary age,
And well they cheer'd him all along
Life's weary pilgrimage.

We sing no sorrowing song :
His pilgrimage is o'er—
His place on earth, which knew him long,
Must know him now no more ;
In heaven, a better place,
A mansion he enjoys ;
And wears a crown of righteousness—
The faithful christian's prize.

ACROSTIC:

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUTHFUL FRIEND, RICHARD
BAXTER HODGSON, ON VISITING THE PLACE
OF HIS INTERMENT.

Reposing here thy body lies,
In vestments of the dead ;
Call'd early to thy kindred skies,
Home to thy living Head.
Ah ! short thy sojourn here below !
Remov'd—as when a flower
Doth early blossom, bud and blow,
But wither in an hour !
And call'd, perhaps, from friends so dear,
'Xample to supply
To all the young that knew thee here,—
Each *youth* may surely die.
Rest here in peace—thy faith alone
Held—by the Gospel plan—
On CHRIST, “the precious corner stone,”
Dear hope of dying man.
Grant, gracious God, I *so* may die,
So yield *my* fleeting breath ;
On Faith's strong pinions upward fly,
New conqueror over death.

DONALD LIVINGSTON.

IN MEMORIAM.

Companion of my early days,
With whom, in heart allied
I walk'd, in friendship's happy ways,
Round Malpeque's circuit wide—
And still, through many a lovely scene,
With thee will Fancy stray,
Where Darnley's fields and groves of green
Remember'd charms display.

Sweet rural charms!—the kirk, the bridge,
The smithy and the mill—
The sylvan groves—the sandy ridge—
The rush-brimm'd pond—the rill—
The pebbled beach—the Ocean's wall—
To playful fancy shew,
As fresh, as when we view'd them all
Some twenty years ago.

How often, starting with a bound—
Our feet almost as free
As "sportive deer's"—we "coursed" around
Romantic Allanby,—



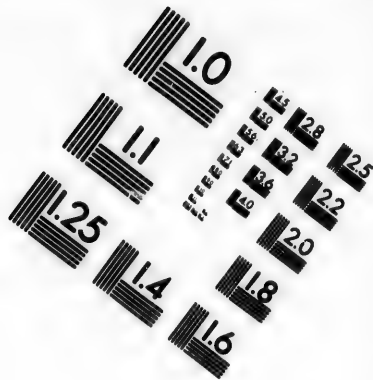
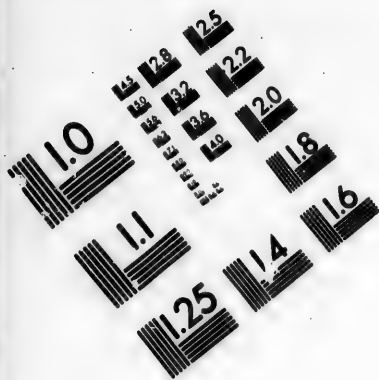
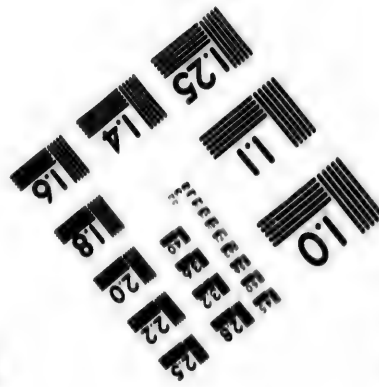
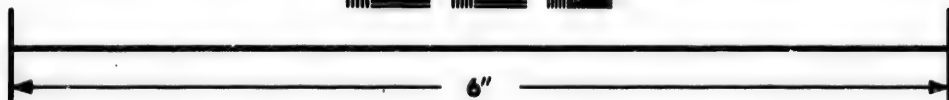
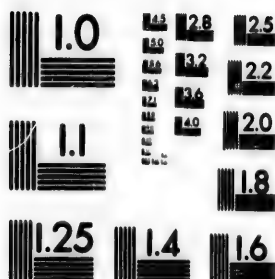


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To fan our cheeks with air supplied
Fresh from the *blue* sea-wave;
Or plunge into the dashing tide,
Our youthful limbs to lave.

Aye! often when the school was o'er—
Together we would roam
Along New London's cliffy shore,
The sea gulls' windy home:
There—listen to the music loud,
Of Ocean's organ grand:
As peal'd the crested billows proud
Their *bass* upon the strand!

And we have watch'd when Evening fair
Spread out her varying dyes,
The gorgeous colours! "rich and rare,"
To deck the Western skies!
Intent, each mellowing tint to mark
Of Sol's retiring beams:
Till night let fall her curtain dark,
And "gave the world to dreams."

And we have dream'd with *open* eyes,
For, late returning home—
We still conversed of present joys,
And happiness to come!

Then lost in nature's solace sweet,
Slept weariness away ;
And rose with morning fresh to greet .
The glorious king of day .

Ah ! little thought we then of time !
As suns, returning, shone—
That ardent youth and manhood's prime
Would both be quickly gone !
Remembrance weeps—alas ! in vain
Are Sorrow's emblems shed !
They can't recal our youth again,
They can't restore the *dead*.

No more, in bonds of friendship true,
Like brothers, hand in hand,
Together shall we rove, to view
The sea, the sky, the land !—
For he who shared my youthful joys,
Cut off in manhood's bloom,
In yonder churchyard sleeping lies,
Within his narrow tomb !

Alas ! the thought my bosom rends,
And Sorrow's tears must flow ;—
Death strikes our nearest, dearest friends
When least we fear the blow ;—

But faithful Memory long retains

Each fondly cherish'd name,

And LIVINGSTON'S, while life remains,

The pensive tear shall claim.

The subject of the foregoing verses was a native of Prince Edward Island, and an intimate friend of the author, who loved him for his unpretending worth and the many excellences of his moral character. We formed an acquaintance in 1842 that soon ripened into a friendship, which was uninterrupted until the time of his death, which took place at his father's house in 1857. Hoping to better his condition as a Teacher, he left the Island in the January of 1847, and obtained employment in various parts of New Brunswick. I corresponded with him regularly during his absence, and few could excel him in the beauties of an epistolary correspondence. He was naturally too sensitive, and of a bashful, retiring disposition, but his letters were always expressed in a style at once energetic and manly, and calculated, better than a slight personal acquaintance, to give a correct idea of the man. It was with much concern that I learned from his letters his health was declining, but I fondly hoped with himself that his strength would be restored on returning to breathe the elastic air of his native Island. These aspirations, however, were not realized in his recovery. He returned to the Island in the Autumn of 1857, after an absence of ten years; but became rapidly worse, and died, as before noticed, on the 5th December, 1857. Having been for many years a companion of the "brothers of the mystic tie," he was interred withasonic honors in the churchyard near Charlottetown, much and deservedly regretted by a large circle of acquaintances.

"THE DOG-STAR RULING."

"And in that town a dog was found,

As many dogs there be,

Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,

And curs of low degree."—GOLDSMITH.

And art thou caught at last, nocturnal ranger ?

So long supposed some incarnated evil,

On mischief bent, like "The Mysterious Stranger,"

And in appearance very like the D——l :

At least by some 'tis said so ; as to why,

On what authority, I cannot say.

I never saw his Sable Majesty,

And humbly hope in heaven I never may ;

But this I may affirm,—upon that gibbet

Thou art an ugly sample to exhibit.

The world is always full of vague opinions

Concerning strangers ; and some men aver,

That, pupp'd within the mighty Czar's Dominions,

Thou wert a veritable Cossack cur,—

A perfect beauty in thy puppyhood,

That followed fortune with a Russian tar,

Who left his country for his country's good,

Some years before took place the Crimean war.

Upon thy roving chances little pondering ;—

Like some two legged beauties, fond of wandering,

Dark shaggy beast, what strange canine delusion,
 What chance unlucky, or what dark disaster
 Led thee to choose the hermit lot seclusion,
 And live for fourteen years without a master
 Beneath that dirty stable?—So I understand
 Old Mike McCarthy, who on thy condition
 Descanted largely, as, with open hand,
 He took the halfpence at thy exhibition,
 Unfolding all he knew of thy dark history,
 Much shrouded in impenetrable mystery.

Most dogs, we know, e'en those that talk in fables,
 Are very social in their daily habits;
 Not given to burrow under dirty stables,
 Unless sent after weasels, rats, or rabbits,
 By their superiors. Then in haste to scud off,
 Soon as the burrowing operation 's over,
 And rub the dust, or dung, or filthy mud off,
 Upon some plot of timothy or clover,
 As if to say, returning, "Aint I clever?—
 A pretty decent sort of dog whatever."

But thou, degraded beast, thy life uncheery
 Was spent without dog decency of feeling;
 Thy days, within thy dungeon dark and dreary—
 Thy nights, in roving thro' the city, stealing.

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In this respect, perhaps, I should not rate thee,
 Since thieving was not thy *exclusive* function;
 For some two-legged gentry imitate thee,
 And rob the city shops without compunction,
 Escaping safely with their ill-got booty,
 In spite of the Policemen on their duty!

Perhaps the Russian legend may be true,—
 The Russ are filthy in their generation:
 Why should not Russian dogs be dirty too?
 Will some one answer that interrogation?—
 To say that thou wert filthy, is no slander:
 The clotted locks, thy very eyes begrimming,
 'Tis certain thou wert not a Newfoundland,
 Fond of the water and much given to swimming,
 But wert indeed, of whatsoever nation,
 A specimen of deep dog-degradation.

And yet, tho' most degraded of poor creatures
 That bear the name of dog within our city,
 Thou mightst have once had some redeeming fea-
 tures,—

A social bosom, not unknown to pity.
 Till, soured at last, by all the world neglected,
 Or persecuted, which is worse, believe me;
 Thou wert but "huff'd and cuff'd, and disrespected,"
 Without one single comfort to relieve thee,

And, driven by famine, went'st to play the dickens
Among the Cochin-China hens and chickens.

Yes, yes, poor brute, we may assert securely
Thy solitary lot, so unbefriended,
Was less thy fault than thy misfortune, surely,
And wakens pity now thy days are ended.
Let those, straightway, avoiding all pretences,
Who've made some coppers by thy sad condition,
Give thee a decent grave, and pay expenses
Out of the profits of thy exhibition,
With this inscription near the hillock grassy:
"Here lies *the dog*,—*requiescat in pace*."

A POLITICAL PORTRAIT.

NO. I.

In the halls of legis'ation,
Built within this city,
Nature's *boy of botheration*
Makes his speeches witty;
From the Ulster-north he came,
Bare as bleak December,
Won the electioneering game,
And became a member!

In this country, like a charm,
Really 'tis surprising
How the North of Ireland barm
Sets the leaven rising—
Rising ! now he takes his stand
With the "Daly" quorum ;
Puff'd into "his honor" grand,
Dignitariorum !

Faith he bates all other men,
Uncle, aunt, or cousin,
Raising teachers at the Glen
By the half a dozen ;
Powers of chick-weed ! dear O dear !
Monk would be a fool, Sir,
To leave Glasgow and come here
For the Normal School, Sir.

In the Office, with his pen,
See him at his duty—
Writing fast as fifty men—
Is'nt he a beauty !
Lolling in a cushion'd chair
When his work is over,
Hark ! he sings an Irish air—
Bumble bees in clover !

AIR—*The Harp that once in Tara's Hall.*

"The harp that once in Flinty Glen
 Charm'd all the hopeful band,
 Now sleeps as pow'rless as the pen
 In the Recorder's hand:
 So sleeps the wit of other days,
 When humbug's charm is o'er,
 And honied lips once wont to praise
 That wit, applaud no more."

"Why talk of wit and other days,
 And "Glens of Flinty Stone?"
 The *gilded chord* is always base (bass)
 And *deepest* in its tone;
 The *notes* which now I love to hear
 Must give such certain sounds
 As banish from my heart the fear
 Of losing *nine score pounds*!"

NO. II.

"*Nuair theid mearlich a'throd theid ionregain as cuid.*"—OLD PROVERB.

Who is this sits next for fame?
Senatoriorum!
 From the East he comes, as came
 Wiser men before him;

One of "Sailor's Hope" forlorn—

Sage of ancient story,
Holding on dilemma's horn
Neither whig nor tory.

Time, that still with great and small
Ceaseless warfare wages,
Laying heavy hands on all,
Spares not even Sages;
Shrunk up, by nature's laws,
In his form and stature—
But the ghost of what he was
Haunts the Legislature.

Yet he saw a better day,
Ere the Inquisition
Of Hay River stopp'd his pay,
For alleg'd sedition.—
Words admit of light and shade :
Who would stop to reason ?
England *Papineau* had paid
For discoursing treason—

So the House, in after time,
(Precedents are funny,)
Paid the premium on the crime,
Forking out the money ;

When the clinking *shiners* bright
 Such effect had o'er him,
 That he danced with rare delight.—
 Whistling *Tullochgorum*.

As in days long past and gone—
 Sacrilege and fury!—
 He non-suited Father John
 By a Georgetown Jury;
 Lucky then! and lucky still!
 Baffling all the Forum
 By the magic of his skill:
Senatoriorum!

(He makes a Speech on the Garbled Despatches.)

Mr. *Shareman*; we this night
 Need not talk of treasons—
 But I'm not *convince* a mite
 After all their reasons;
 For my own part, I will say,
 Spite of "back stair latches,"
 I shall vote the other way
 On these *Home Despatches*.

All my *constituents* true
 Would not care a feather
 For *despatches* cut in two,
 Like a hide of leather;

Therefore, law, and *shustice* clear,
Calls upon my vote, sir,
That the Public all may hear
What Sir *Cheorge* has wrote, Sir.

SONG OF THE PEN.

With impudence ready to dare,
Whatever might him befall,
An editor sat in his "easy chair,"
And dipp'd his pen into gall:
Scrawl! scrawl! scrawl!
To crack up the Snatchers again,
And still, with a voice of dolorous drawl,
He sang this song of the pen.

Scrawl! scrawl! scrawl!
From morning till darksome night!
And scrawl! scrawl! scrawl!
Till I know not what to write!
Tis useless attempting to cram
The people; they call me a fool,
And say that I'm only an editor *sham*,
Of the frog in the fable school.

Scrawl ! scrawl ! scrawl !

On my editorial seat,
Till my pants are worn ; I could almost bawl
Like a blubbering school-boy beat.
Fibs, and gammon, and fudge,
Fudge, and gammon, and noise—
And then to be sponsor for all the rest
The *green-room editors*' liea.

O ye of the fourth estate !

O, *Whelan ! Pippy ! and Rice !*
You know, tho' it's easy for me to prate,
This is anything rather than nice.
Fibs, and gammon, and fudge,—
Fudge, and gammon, and spite, —
To make the best look like the worst,
And the wrong appear the right.

Scrawl ! scrawl ! scrawl !

And hardly a word of truth !
And what are the wages, after all ?
A prospect fair, forsooth !
A seat in the House !—I wish I was there,
Three hundred a year my lot—
To the de'il might go the editor's chair,
And the Snatchers all to pot !

Scrawl ! scrawl ! scrawl !

If I hope to win that prize,
I must make the people as blind as myself,
By throwing dust in their eyes.
Fudge, and gammon, and spite,—
Hardly a paragraph true—
And if *Handy Andy* refuses to write,
I know not what I shall do.

Scrawl ! scrawl ! scrawl !—

The Government paper is bad—
Scrawl ! scrawl ! scrawl !—

The cash is hard to be had ;
Alas ! for an editor green.
My warrants, every one knows,
At *ten per cent.* are shav'd as clean
As if shaved by *Nellis's** toes !

Scrawl ! scrawl ! scrawl !—

With hardly a moment to talk,
Scrawl ! scrawl ! scrawl !—
And never get time to walk :
I'd rather be tied, I declare,
To the mouth of an Indian-gun,
And blown, like a Sepoy, into the air ;
For then the job would be done.

* A celebrated performer without arms, who substituted his toes in literally shaving such as would submit to the operation.

With impudence ready to swear
 The Snatchers are fit to rule,
 An *editor* sat on an "easy chair"
 For an editorial stool;
 To prove that right is wrong,—
 To crack up the government men,
 That *editor* sang this dolorous song
 Of the Archy-O-logical-pen!

CORNUCOPIA AND THE GODDESS OF FAME!

Once high in repute, 'mongst the Heathen abroad,
 Was the goat "*Amalthæa*," that suckled the god
 In a cave in Mount Ida, it seeming "as how"
 The gods liv'd by suction as kidlings do now—
 One would think such a goat, suckling such a
goatee,

For the rest of her life would be warranted free
 From all harm: for whatever in fun may be said,
 The wet nurse of Jupiter should be well paid:
 But this matron of *godship* to accident *born*,
 Or *kidded*, more properly, broke off her horn!
 Whereupon, as the *myth* runs in story, full soon—
 'Twas a pity to turn such a horn into spoon—
 Great Jupiter rubb'd it and polish'd it fine,
 And sent it to Wh-l-n, of plenty the sign,

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Who, mightily pleas'd with the classical name,
Had it plac'd in the hand of the goddess of Fame.
For the goddess of Fame all ye trumpeters blow !
And crow, every dicky bird, lustily crow !—
For the goddess of fame how the multitude roar,
For they *niver* a goddess had look'd at before !
What a beautiful goddess ! and illigant horn !
Arrah ! where did she come from ? and where was
she born ?

For in all the wide world sure the likes was'n't seen
Since the day that Prince Albert join'd hands with
the Queen.

Some bold speculators suppos'd she slipp'd down
On the arch of a rainbow, outside of the town,
To attend the procession, and when it was o'er,
She'd go back to the place that she came from before.
While the less superstitious suppos'd her to be
A fine quality lady ! of highest degree—
But never before since the day they were born
Were they puzzled so much as to look at that horn !
But enough of their blunders—suffice it to say
She engross'd all attention, which wasn't fair play.
For, as fine as she was, there were other fine suits,
And the "Herald" himself sported Murphy's big
boots !

Now, it happen'd, a waggish conservative blade
Dared to doubt if the figure were *goddess* or *maid*,

And approaching her close, with a smile and a wink,
Saw the plump little beauty—and, what do you
think?

He declares—O the powers of the Mountebank
trade!

She of Trenaman's "*fille de chambre*" was made!

FIRST EPISTLE TO BIG ARCHY.

Archy of the hope forlorn,
Wishing to befriend you,—
More in sorrow than in in scorn—
These few lines I send you.
I to write cannot but choose;
E'en should you repent it:
You have dared insult the Muse,
And she must resent it.

Now, you know, my *quondam* friend,
Pushing, shuffling, veering,—
The beginning and the end
Of Electioneering—
Much you wish'd the goal to win;
Every way you twisted;
Writh'd and wriggled to get in;
But you—yes, you miss'd it!

In the "*People's Journal*" tell—
Now the voting's over—
Have the Snatchers plac'd yourself
With their bees in clover ?
Or, ungrateful, left you where
The Election found you—
In the younger brother's chair,
Printer's devils round you ?

Archy ! give the de'il his due,
None in all the County
Could have stronger claims than you
On the Premier's bounty.
You had run his donkey race,
Started at his whistle,
Spouted *Erse* from place to place,
And he gives you—thistle !

What beneath the blessed sun,—
Archy, tell your neighbors—
What had old "*Cock Robin*" done
Equal to your labours ;
He is not a *native* born ;
Rear'd within our border,
But while you are met with scorn,
He is made Recorder !

Ah ! he writes a better hand—
 Is not that the sequel ?
 No such thing !—for understand,
 Here your claims are equal ;
 But, remark it well, my man,
 Let your pen record it,
 Natives here are under ban,
 Foreigners rewarded !

Answer, Archy, am I right ?
 You, in storming " Delhi,"*
 Show'd a more determin'd fight—
 Bolder far than Kelly.
 After all, my friend, you see,
 Now the battle's over,
 You are " sent to Coventry,"
 He is put in clover.

He, the paradox to crown—
 This is not a fable—
 Strove to write the Snatchers down
 Hard as he was able ;

* A figurative expression of Stephen Swabey, Esq., applied to the Charlottetown Election.

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You had never turn'd your coat—
Done whate'er they told you,
Stretch'd your lungs and strain'd your throat
And behold ! they've sold you.

Will you, spaniel-like, yet fawn
On the hands which beat you ?
Mind the game is only drawn,
Snatchers only cheat you !
Poor indeed has been your pay,
Nothing can be plainer ;
If you turn the honest way,
You must be a gainer.

The publication of the "First Epistle to Big Archy" called forth the following reply—which, by permission of the *domine*, I have inserted here, it being the groundwork of the "Second Epistle to Big Archy."

TO MY ANCIENT FRIEND, &c., &c., &c.

Dear Johnny, I have just read o'er
Your latest penny "gingle,"
Where small beer wit and something more
In harmony commingle.
I thank you for the kind advice
So delicately hinted,
And trust you'll get the hawking price
To pay for what you've printed.

Your slurs, dear John, that I have veer'd
My course, in hope of gaining
That easy port for which I steer'd,
Speaks well for Tory training ;
And 'tis not strange that you should lie,
Or hurl at truth defiance,
When school'd beneath the scheming eye
Of the all-great all-LIANCE.

Grieve not, my friend ! what signifies
That I have been defeated !
The wire that 'neath the Ocean lies
Broke thrice before completed !
The liberal cause is still supreme,
Despite the pious faction ;
We'll rouse the Tories from their dream
When comes the day of action.

You seem to think it very hard
That I've not been promoted ;
This kindly proof of your regard
Of course, is duly noted.
But you must know, my verdant friend,
(Now this you need not mention,)
That I, although I don't pretend,
Have got a " secret " pension !

Why so-and-so got this good place,
And what-d'ye-call-him that one,
I care not, but 'tis a disgrace
That you have not a fat one.
Aitho' a native born and bred,
And skill'd (?) in Banks "to clerk it,"
Foreign Britons are hired instead,
And you—still in the market!

Come, tell the public, honest John,
'Twill make your breast much cleaner,
Who 'twas that humbly fawn'd upon
The "bounty" of the Premier?
Who, to be made Assembly Clerk,
Did Coles himself solicit?
And who but "P. L. I." *his* mark,
Had the good luck to—miss it?

Who was it, when releas'd from care,
His money being all counted,
Implor'd that on the master's chair
He might again be mounted?
Do tell us, John, for you know well
Who was the "cringing" spaniel—
Just train your muse the truth to tell,
My rhyming second Daniel.

You wish me now to turn away
From friends with whom I've striven,
And join your clique—and hint that pay
To those who turn is given.
Excuse me, John, I must decline ;
I speak and write for freedom,
And do not like the Tories whine
For public bread to feed them.

My "lungs" and "throat" are still all right,
My heart remains undaunted ;
And should there be a faction-fight,
I'll be on hand—if wanted.
So woo again your hobbling muse,
(A pity 'twere to part ye)
And if you want some further news,
Address your friend

BIG ARCHY.

SECOND EPISTLE TO BIG ARCHY.

Archy, my compliments to you,
I've read the last epistle ;
Well pleas'd to find that you can chew,
Unhurt, the Premier's thistle.

But had I known what you could say,
What stinging verses send me ;
I had not thrown my pearls away,
For you to turn and rend me.

For who, my friend, would e'er suppose
That you in verse could caper ?
You ! who can hardly write in prose
Fit to appear on paper.
Doth Saul among the Prophets dwell,
The wonder of beholders ?—
Or has the WERAND mantle fell
On muckle Archy's shoulders ?

All wonder-struck the piece I read,
As one that starts in dreaming,
Till wide awake, at last, I said,
Here's more of Archy's scheming !
In this respect none but yoursel',
To tell the truth about it,
Can ever be your parallel—
You can't get on without it.

Well, be it so, I'll not complain :
That makes one melancholy ;
Archy, you're but yourself again,
Transparent through your folly !—

Still tread the easy road to fame,
The pathway of pretension,
And lend your *talismanic* name
Long as they lend the pension.

A secret pension, Archy ! say—
Since "Snatcher" schemes are funny—
How do the kids contrive to pay
The "secret service" money ?
Does Government, before 'tis due,
To satisfy your craving,
Anticipate the revenue,
And get along by *shaving* !

Or is the pay of which you wrote,
As some have shrewdly guess'd it,
A pension with a petticoat
In crinoline invested ?—
Yes, some beneath kind fortune's sky
Are born, who can deny it ?
I envy not your luck, my boy,
Long, long, may you enjoy it.

But why should you, who have your slice,
By your own story-telling,
Throw slurs about my hawking price
To keep my wares from selling ?

My simple rhymes at random thrown,
And read, you know, by many
Archy, my friend ! are all my own,
And always worth the penny.

But cunningly you choose the ground
When you intend to shoot me :
I tried the Bank, indeed, but found
That banking did not suit me :
I threw the office up—no blame ;
I never look'd for booty,
And had your premier done the same
George Coles had done his duty.

“ I ask'd the second Clerkship,” true :
But wherefore all your blowing ?
I had as good a right as you
Or any “ rooster crowing.”
I might have known my chance was frail
Indeed in that direction,
For why ?—I had not “ bow'd to Baal ”
At Coles's late election.

That he was huff'd was clear as morn,
And instantly he show'd it—
Cock'd high his rooster-crest in scorn,
And pull'd his nose—or—blow'd it.

The great result was all the same,
 For turning round quite tart, he
 Declar'd "as how" I had no claim
 Upon the liberal party.

I ask'd again "the master's chair,"
 I never had abus'd it;
 I always had been *sober* there:
 The *whisky* worm refus'd it!
 God keep the poor, like you and me,
 When fickle fortune wavers,
 With hands to work and eyes to see,
 From leaning on his favours.

And now, I tell your master "how,"
 While breath remains inside me,
 I'll never to his image bow,
 Whatever may betide me.
 Spaniels may crawl and cringe for fear,
 And lick the hands that beat 'em;
 Thistles will grow again next year—
 Let hungry asses eat 'em.

Now, Archy, by especial grace,
 In Saturday's "Diurnal,"
 Give these few simple lines a place—
 They'll help the "People's Journal."

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Let all your biting sarcasms end,
And worse than cruel mocking,
And so oblige your "ancient friend,"
And save the coin for hawking.

THE SHERRA MUIR ELECTION—MARCH, 1854.

A PARODY.

O, cam' ye here the fun to share
Wi' Palmer, cheek by jowl man ;
Or hae ye aye a vote to spare
For Reddin and for Coles, man ?
I saw the canvass up and down
Thro' Royalty and Charlottetown,
How Candidates would smile or frown
That bobbing day to hear the *aye*,—
Or else the *nay*; then turn away
From voters, looking dole, man.

Heard ye our cry for liberty—
Loud as an ass's bray man ?
Colleagu'd wi' Reddin, Coles must be
Victorious every way, man,
Three hundred voters on our side,
Of mettle true as e'er was tried,
We'll soon bring down the tories' pride,
Pay back the jeers and scornful sneers
Of many years, in long arrears,
In full, the voting day, man.

But did you see our grand parade,
Our banners green and blue, man ?
That cast the Longworths in the shade,
And made the Palmers screw, man ?
As on the morning's air did rise
The band's melodious, dulcet noise,
A rabble of three hundred " b'hoys "
All flock'd like goats to hear the notes,
In ragged coats, who all have votes
By bill of Franchise new, man

" O, how, deil Tam, can that be true ? "
Three hundred votes ye say, man !
I know as much, and more than you :
They gang the other way, man !
The canvass on our own guid side
Was carried forward far and wide,
Through streets and lanes lord Richard hied,
From east to west, and did his best,
With all the rest, to break the nest
Of Snatchers up—fair play, man !

I marked weel the artful wiles,
The speeches fair and bland, man :
" The nods and looks, and wreathed smiles,"
And hearty shakes of hand, man.

The poll was open—ten o'clock :
The voters soon began to flock,
And then the grand *Electric* shock —
The Tory fun was two to one,
And ere the Sun his course had run,
The case was settled grand, man !

My sister Kate cam' up the gale "
All breathless wi' surprise, man ;
She stopt to hear the Snatcher's fate,
And saw wi' her own eyes, man—
To raise a row was past their skill,
The constables, wi' right guid will,
Determin'd there to keep all still ;
Wi' painted sticks, as red as bricks,
Thro' crowds did mix, and stop the tricks
Of all the grumbling b'hoys, man.

They've gain'd some gallant gentlemen—
The Government is strong man !
And Haviland is voted ben,
Whom envy's tongue did wrong, man.
Now, would ye sing this contest bold
The simple truth may soon be told,
The people's votes will not be sold,—
Whate'er befall to great or small—
For gown or shawl—that settles all,
And finishes my song, man.

DONNYBROOK REDIVIVUM.

Invited by Whelan to Donnybrook fair,
 The Paddies came flocking like geese on the square,
 Bog-trotters assembled for Snatcher-good will,
 Overright the big hustings of Sheriff M'Gill;
 And the Sheriff himself, arrah! mounted on high,
 Wid a bush on his beard, was the broth of a boy;
 Who, to shew what a partizan Sheriff can do,
 Call'd the meeting at *twelve* in the stead of at *two*.

Now, the meeting was call'd for the Queen's County
 men,

Who, in counting their members, had eight out of
 ten,

To pass Resolutions of censure and blame
 On the Snatcher officials, who had, to their shame,
 Put out the old "Posthers" and put in the new—
 To show what the Snatchers, when rabid, could do—
 And Whelan, to make his wild countrymen stare,
 Had christen'd the meeting a "Donnybrook Fair."

And *bedad*, the big Sheriff, in choosing the ground,
 Had selected it so they might listen all round;
 So that those who in front could'nt hear, when
 address'd,

Might hear from behind and be wise as the rest.

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Discreetly contriving away from the wall,
Of the precious harangues to lose nothing at all ;
Och ! the Sheriff that fix'd up that hen-roost so
high

Wid a bush on his beard was " the broth of a boy !"

And close by the side of the Sheriff's big beard
On the hustings, George Coles and " Cock Robin "
appear'd,—

And the hero of " Cashmere," who threaten'd so
plain

To blow up the Tories when firing his train
On the day of election, and make such a flare
As he sent them, like rockets let off through the air ;
But the powder got damp, and Stephen the bold
Only got back to Bagdad, like Sinbad of old.

And besides these three worthies, old Kelly foreby,
Was there on the roost muffled up in his joy,
Wid Whelan the Printer, himself " to the fore "
And thistle-fed Archy—great spakers *asthore* !
And Blake in white kids to throw dust in the eyes
Of the bare-footed girls and the "Donnybrook" boys.
Be the pipers of war ! no such " spaches " were
made

Since Peter the hermit prach'd up the Crusade.

Then the Snatchers propos'd to the boys on the
green

Six cheers for themselves and but three for the
Queen ;

And then, just to show that they were not afraid,
They should pass the Belfasters in "marching
parade !"

So Stephen the brave went *ahead* of the *van* !

And was follow'd by all the bould boys to a man ;
And the blacks and the whites, and the big and
the small,

To honor the Governor's self wid a call !

And faith, by the way, it's himself must be proud
When he look'd with both eyes on the face of the
crowd ;

And faith, it's himself must have welcom'd the boys,
When they near tore the roof off his scull with the
noise

Of the shouts and the cheers that went up in the air,
From the lungs of people at "Donnybrook Fair !"
Three more for "Cock Robin !" and three for the
grog !

Till the sounds died away in the heart of the bog !

But I'll tell you a secret you must not disclose,
As true as my rhyme, and that every one knows,

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And it's strange as it's true that the "Donnybrook"

boys,

After all their parading, and nonsense and noise,
Left the Sheriff's own hustings denuded of men,
And never went near the big hen-roost again ;
But straight to the citadel posting them where
They were cover'd in flank, not to say *in the rear*.

Och ! the Donnybrook fair was a comical scene—
What with shouts for the Snatchers and cheers for
the Queen !

And the beautiful orators spaking so fast,
And running away from the hen-roost at last !
And the Sheriff himself, arrah ! honey, my joy !
Wid a bush on his beard, was the broth of a boy,
Who to show what a partizan Sheriff can do,
Had erected the roost and deserted it too.

DARNLEY BRIDGE, AUG. 18, 1843.

Driven before the tempest's roar,
In piecemeal late I strew'd the shore,
Or mark'd upon the upland glade
Where the proud Ocean's waves were stay'd ;
But now, once more I cross the tide
From Princetown to the Darnley side,—

A standing monument, to show
What industry and art can do !
And now, no flimsy, fragile frame,
The public confidence I claim !
While modesty myself I praise—
Like candidates on voting days.
Perhaps no Island Bridge elsewhere,
In fairness can with me compare :
Observe ! my length itself contains
A distance more than twenty chains ;
Besides, so popular am I,
My friends have me exalted high
Above the rude, ungracious shocks
Of the autumnal equinox.
But still I have my enemies,—
Whom I can never hope to please,
Who, like the owls, look wondrous wise,
And stun me with their senseless noise.
These have a thousand faults to find,
And say a thousand things unkind—
“ That my whole plan’s irregular—
Abutments here, and frame work there ;
That, soon as comes September’s blow
To back the swelling spring tide’s flow,
From my construction, it is plain,
I must go all to bits again.
While some find fault I am too high
To cross—their heads reel dizzily !

The angry boatmen, as they go
Beneath me, swear I am too low !
Thus sinister opinion goes
As different as the wind that blows,—
So different, that I know 'twould pall
My best attempts to please them all.
You know 'tis told, in days of yore,
When asses were reputed more,
A peaceable old man bestow'd
Most anxious care, to please the crowd ;
But louder still their clamor grew
For all that poor old man could do—
Who did his utmost, but, alas !
Pleas'd nobody, and lost his ass.
But envy's tongue is never still—
So let it run—for run it will ;
The best of men it doth not spare !
Why should not I expect a share ?
But while it runs, I'll exercise
That virtue of the truly wise,
Which teaches men revenge to shun,
And render good for evil done.
I'll " heap the coals " thus more and more
By crossing all the grumblers o'er ;
I feel my gratitude is due,
And best of thanks, kind friend, to you.

Who did so nobly all agree—
 To aid in my extremity,
 And in return, I'll ease your toil,
 By cheating many a weary mile;
 I'll cross the lover to the side
 Of her he wishes for his bride,
 And sure am I, when this is done,
 To please the ladies, one by one,—
 So, 'till my services avail,
 Kind friends, I bid you all farewell.

FAREWELL TO 1847.

Fast fleeting year, just stay a while,
 And listen to a simple chiel
 Who hail'd thy birth with many a smile
 O' friendly glee
 And would, before ye "pass the stile,"
 Shake hands with thee.

Your infant, plaintive wail I heard,
 When winter wild your cradle stirr'd,
 Ere yet one pretty, painted bird,
 In time of flowers,
 Warbling thy growing praise, was heard
 In scented bowers.

And when the southern breezes blew,
And spring, advancing, softly flew,—
When Chanticleer, with vigour crew,
 And lambkins play'd,
I marked thy growth with pleasure too,
 In leafy shade !

I saw June crown thy forehead fair,
Which erst in winter months was bare,
The best bouquet July could spare,
 By Summer's hand
Was wreath'd with other chaplets there,
 Which she commands.

I watched when August did adorn
Thy harvest fields with wavy corn,
And, in September, saw them shorn
 To stubble ground—
A rich supply from plenty's horn,
 Pour'd all around.

When Autumn's winds disturbed the air,
And tore thy lovely garlands fair,
And once more laid thy temples bare
 With blust'ring hate,
I read the pointed moral there—
 Man's early fate.

But who may tell, brief passing year,
 What changes saw thy fleet career,
 What hearts have throbb'd with hope and fear,
 What grief or joy
 Has glisten'd thro' the pearly tear
 In many an eye.

And when the tempest loud did rave,
 And human skill too weak to save !
 How many sunk beneath the wave—
 To rise no more—
 Have found a sudden watery grave
 Far from the shore ?

While some, more fortunate than these,
 Have safely cross'd the roaring seas ;
 Or wafted by the fav'ring breeze,
 Or urg'd by steam,
 Have pass'd, in Neptune's car, with ease,
 Th' Atlantic stream.

Sir Henry's gone, you understand,
 To see once more his native land—
 Heaven guide him from a foreign strand
 In safety home.
 Sir Donald's here to take command—
 The Campbell's come.

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And thy successor, too, is near,—
Heaven soon will send another year ;
But, ere it come, I'll drop a tear
Of tribute due,
Upon the time-worn, sable bier
That carries you.

And now, thy race is almost run,
Soon '48 will be begun :
The rays of thy last setting sun
Are shining clear.
One hearty squeeze, and I have done—
Farewell, Old Year !

The year 1851 was remarkable for the number of illustrious personages who passed from time during its course. The following verses, referring to this mortality among the Great, were written for the *Newsboy* of the *Royal Gazette*, at that time published by J. D. Haszard, Esq. They are inserted here, not on account of the beauty of the poetry, but as being useful to fix the date of the death of Sir Donald Campbell, the Lieutenant Governor of this Island—and other noble individuals, to whom reference is supposed to be made by the *Newsboy*.

* * * Since New Year's now twelve months ago,
What grand events have mark'd the time,
What changes vast, for weal or woe,
Have furnish'd food to feed my rhyme !

Pale death on his white horse has come,
To thousands with the bill of fate,
Assail'd alike the poor man's home,
And Royal mansion of the great:

None can evade the common lot—
Death's cold impression all must feel,
The rustic ruler of a cot,
The Statesman—as Sir Robert Peel.

Could *Greatness* soften death to spare—
Those to the living Great allied,
Would have but little cause for care,
And ADELAIDE might not have died.

Or, softened at misfortune's blow,
Could death be taught to pity men,
Time had assuaged an Exile's woe,
Or raised him to his throne again.

But Louis Philippe, child of chance,
Twice exil'd from the Gallic shore—
Now dead to Frenchmen and to France,
Heeds neither praise nor censure more.

E'en here has death the fatal strife,
Urg'd on, with many a ruthless blow,—
Has thinn'd our ranks of *humbler* life,
And laid Sir Donald Campbell low.

And soon by each, some unknown day,
His clay cold pillow must be shar'd,—
For life's a forfeit all must pay—
Heaven grant we all may be prepar'd !

But yet, tho' thousands yearly be
Thus lost like foam-wreath on the shore,
This world—like Ocean full and free,
Goes dashing bravely as before !

'Tis strange in this enlighten'd age,
Some nations will delight in war,
Europe is kindling into rage,
And Mars appears the ruling star.

Rumors of strife now "pain the ear,"
Borne swiftly o'er th' Atlantic foam—
But our horizon yet is clear,
Peace blesses yet our Island home.

And plenty lifts our spirits up,
We've little reason to complain ;
No mildew spoil'd last summer's crop,
No rust consum'd the golden grain !

* * * * *

MEETING OF DOMINKHA'S COUNCIL.

ANNO DOMINI 1858.

To the council of the nation
The great chief had call'd the fathers—
Call'd them from the inland places,
From the Eastward and the Westward,—
From the Northward and the Southward,—
From Kildare, Naufrage, and Malpeque,
Flinty Glen, and Murray Harbor,
Call'd them in the dead of winter,
When the frost lays on the mountains,
When the hunter traps the foxes,
By the mud-holes of the marshes,
Where they go to feed on gudgeons.

Very urgent was the business
To be settled in the councils,
And the chief, by proclamation,
Called the sages all together,
To the wigwam Council Chamber,
That to him the wise might hearken.

When the sages in the nation
Heard the great Chief's proclamation,
Rising early in the morning,
Binding on their feet the snow shoes,

Wrapping well their furs around them—
Skins of beavers, bears and foxes,
Taking with them large provisions
Calumets, and bows and arrows,
They set off to meet the great one,
And to hearken to his speeches.

In the wigwam council chamber—
With a lion's skin around him
And his head adorned with feathers—
Sat the chief of all the MICMACS ;
Who, regarding well the sages
Standing very thick before him,
Utter'd thus his words of wisdom
In the ears of the assembled :

(Dominkha's Speech.)

"I have call'd you from your wigwama,
I have call'd you from your women,
I have call'd you in the winter,—
As is usual in our customs—
That you may in solemn council
Shew your zeal for public welfare.
Providence—as white men call him—
Has this year afforded plenty,—
Plenty wild geese in the season,
Giving quills, and food, and feathers,—

Plenty foxes, minks, and martens,
 Bears and loupserveirs, and squirrels,
 Plover, partridge, ducks and sea-gulls,—
 All to make the Indian wealthy—
 And the share for this big wigwam
 Has afforded satisfaction.

“ But among the Eastern Indians,
 Wars have raged with fearful fury;
 Horrid wars among the Sepoys—
 Tribes that hate the other Indians,
 And, with cruel disposition,
 Kill the squaws and young papooses.
 But the lightning news assures us
 That the braves of our great nation—
 Dealing vengeful retribution—
 Soon shall tomahawk and scalp them.”

Then he spoke about illicit
 Traffic in the bad fire water,
 Hurtful to the Indian's morals,—
 Hurtful both to soul and body,
 To the women in the wigwam,
 To the cunning hunter's eyesight—
 Hurtful in the illegal practice,
 And in PREMIER distillation (?)

Further, great Dominkha told them
 He would lend co-operation
 In the business of the wise ones ;

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Send them rolls of written parchment—
Sent to him by her whose wisdom
Rules beyond the big sea waters.
Bowling, then, to those before him,
Who had listened with attention,
The great chief arose and left them,
Left them to their own opinions—
So, in these days, white chiefs often
Call their councillors together
Call their houses of assembly,
And make speeches for their people.

To the other end of that big
Wigwam rush'd the chosen wise ones,
Wisely to consult, in council
On the wisdom of Dominkha.
Soon, an Indian from the Eastward—
Call'd in micmac THORNTONOOKA—
Took his seat above the others,
Who were seated all around him:
Then, Dominkha's speech again was
Read aloud, in all their hearing,
That each Indian in the council
Might express his approbation;
Or, in hearing of his brothers,
Tell why he was discontented.

Very varied in opinion
 Were the wise ones of the council !
 On the words to which they listen'd,
 On the great Dominkha's wisdom !

First arose young HAVILANDOO—
 Great among the talking Indians—
 Great in thought, and word, and action,—
 Wise, profound, and very learned,
 Learned in the ancient customs
 Of the " Magna Charta " Indians,
 He must differ from Dominkha,—
 Could not understand his wisdom—
 Thought his words were but intended
 To deceive the hunting Indians,
 Speaking as the latin Sachems,
" Vox et præterea nihil."

Which, in Micmac, means " big-blow,"
 Or too much bush for small canoe.
 The great Chief that day had told them
 There were riches in the nation,
 Riches in the big State wigwam,
 More than in the other winters ;
 Geese and ducks had been abundant,
 Beavers, bears, and foxes, plenty—
 But Dominkha went not hunting,
 And might speak of what he knew not.

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Clear it was to HAVIANDOO
That some Indians in the Council
Were well paid for telling *cheaters*
And had cheated great Dominkha ;
And he thought of that big wigwam,
Though so much had been afforded
By the hunters of the nation,
Very little now was in it.
Greedy Indians plunder'd often
What was meant for public uses,
And dress'd out their private wigwams,—
Dress'd their squaws and *young papooses*,
Which were sometimes *too much plenty*,
In the blankets of the public.

LINES SPOKEN AT THE SOIREE OF THE MECHANIC
INSTITUTE, ON THE EVENING OF THE
22D MARCH, 1859.

While the bunting of strife has of late been unfur'd,
To attract and distract the political world,
We hail this broad platform with special delight,
Where the children of Science assembled to-night,
In the spirit of charity nobly agree,
To drown their ill-will in a bumper of tea.

Ere this Temperance building—so spacious and
grand—
Took its beautiful form from the architect's hand,

Some fifteen years past—we remember it well—
 This Institute wrought like a magical spell;
 The lads and the lasses together 'twould bring,
 Like the innocent warblers when pairing in spring.

Fair Science presiding, her children approv'd,
 She saw with delight that they learn'd as they lov'd,
 And gave, once a week, with benevolence kind,
 Her laws and her lectures to strengthen the mind;
 Providing, without the intemperate bowl,
 For a "feast of the reason and flow of the soul."

But far, far away, many members of worth,
 Are scatter'd abroad on the face of the earth;
 Or roving for pleasure, or seeking for gold,
 Whose names on our books are with honor enrol'd:
 Our Humphreys, our Millners, Found, Pidwell, and
 Rowe,—
 We can never forget them, wherever they go.

For who that remember these men but will say,
 That their evenings with profit pass'd sweetly
 away?

As with keenness of wit, and with argument strong,
 They endeavor'd to sever the right from the wrong,
 And to carefully cull, tho' the critics might laugh,
 Every pickle of wheat from the large pile of chaff.

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But "no earthly delight can eternally last,"
And we feel that a gloom o'er our spirits is cast,
And the tear of affection now moistens the eye,
As we think that our patrons, like others, must die;
And sincerely lament, on this Institute's floor,
That *Gainsford* and *Conroy* must meet us no more.

For the loss of such men, every bosom must feel:
They have gone—let us hope—to the "land o' the
leal,"—

From the right of pre-judgment humanity turns,
To bury their faults with the failings of *BURNS*,
For the spirit of charity best will be shewn,
By forgetting their errors to think of our own.

If prayers that are short are acknowledg'd the best,
My prayers shall be short, but sincerely express'd:
May the friends of this Institute never despond,
But, united more closely in amity's bond,
May science around them her mantle yet throw,
Shining brighter to warm them as older they grow.

And now, tho' the demon of discord may rave,
And wildly may heave the political wave,
That wave shall rebound from our Institute's door,
Hitherto, but no further, its surges may roar—
While in Charity's spirit and name we agree,
To drown our ill feelings in bumpers of tea!

ON THE EDUCATIONAL PROSPECTS OF PRINCE
EDWARD ISLAND.

The would-be poet, emulous of fame,
 Will court the Muse to dignify his name;
 Pretend he met her by some murr'ring rill,
 Where darkness reign'd, and other sounds were still;
 Or shift the scene, and wand'ring with her go,
 Where frightful tempests vomit polar snow;
 There catch the spirit of the raging storm,
 And learn from nature pensive lines to form.
 Thus purling rills his tender passions move
 To sympathy, and furnish strains of love;
 The fearful tempest, howling thro' the air,
 Supplies the image when he paints despair.
 I, too, must beg the favor of the Muse,
 To grace a subject poets seldom choose;
 To sing of Education's dawning day,
 Which soon shall chase dark ignorance away,—
 That, soon unveil'd, shall spread its wings and fly
 To hide beneath a "less effulgent sky."
 Prince Edward Isle! the magic of thy name
 Enkindles in my breast the patriot-flame;
 Well pleas'd I view each cultivated scene,
 And challenge Brin for a richer green.
 But tho' enraptur'd, I can not forget
 How large a part remains a forest yet;
 Where stately trees in grand, luxuriant style,
 Proclaim the riches centred in thy soil;

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And e'en from this, a heartfelt pleasure flows,
For all thy forests "blossom as the rose."
From pleasing scenes like these I turn awhile,
To dwell upon thy intellectual soil,
Which, soon "unforested," shall richly yield,
And bloom—a charming, cultivated field.
For whichever way I look around,
Scions of science cover all the ground—
A cheering sight of healthy, vig'rous shoots,
That promise harvest rich of mental fruits;
Thy sons of various talent shall arise
Some future "Wiggins," who shall read the skies;
Some "Cooper," deeply skill'd in nature's laws,
Of winds and currents shall explain the cause;
Widely the healing art shall spread abroad,
From learn'd doctors of the Malpeque Road.
Some native Bigney shall to future men
Give scientific lectures on the brain.
Some one (but this appears a doubtful case)
May rival "Knox," and well supply his place!
E'en hoarse St. Lawrence now pretends to taste,
Proud of the gem he wears upon his breast,
And gently, when the stormy tempest blows,
Kisses thy shore, and "murmurs soft applause!"

The Rev. Abraham Van Gelder Wiggins, about the time this piece was written, was lecturing on Astronomy at St. Bonaventure's, with great eclat. W. Cooper, Esq., was also lecturing on winds and currents.

LINES ON THE LOSS OF FREDERICK B. GOODMAN,
 ESQ., AND MISS ANN MALONEY, ON THE
 6TH AUGUST, 1859.

Fast after night fled the twilight of morning,
 Light were the bosoms that greeted the dawn,
 Bright rose the Sun in his splendor, adorning
 Mountain and meadow, and forest and lawn—
 Breathing no discord of sorrow or sadness,
 Sweet swell'd the music of cottage and grove,
 Nature around us was vocal with gladness,
 Hope and affection, and duty and love.

Fair was the Summer—no feature distorted—
 Smiling and gay in maturity's pride.
 Fresh were the zephyrs that playfully sported
 Kissing in ripples the Hillsborough-tide!
 Who that look'd out on that prospect so cheery,
 Look'd at the landscape, the river and sky,
 Could have foreseen that a tempest so dreary,
 Wing'd for destruction, was ready to fly?

Dark rising clouds, rifted brightly asunder,
 Mark in the distance the "hurricane's home."
 Hark! in the west rolls the deeply-toned thunder,
 Pealing along through the wind-fretted dome.

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See! the proud "Storm King!" to fury awaking,
Flapping his wings as he rides in the rain,
Bending the trees of the forest, or breaking,
Lashing to fury the waves of the main!

Boatman beware!—tho' to peril no stranger—
Seest thou not coming that skeleton form?
Frail is thy skiff in this crisis of danger,
Safely to swim through the terrible storm—
Frail is thy skiff—but alas! disappearing!
Over thy boat the wild waters are thrown,—
Now I can see but the "Storm King" careering,
Riding the white crested billows alone!

Such honest Goodman—the muse will deplore thee—
Such was thy destiny yet in thy prime!
Such, lovely Ann, was the fate that clos'd o'er thee,
Such are the fatal mutations of time!
Hopeful and happy the dawning ye greeted,
Look'd with delight on the air-rippled wave,
But ere the Sun had his journey completed,
Silent ye lay in a watery grave!

Who, as the morning awakes us to duty,
Looking abroad on this "green mantled earth,"
Blooming in summer, and sun-light, and beauty,
Who can divine what a day may bring forth!

Friendship and life are both sadly uncertain,—
Morning with gladness may open our door,
But, ere the evening lets fall her dark curtain,
Some we have loved may be living no more!

LICENTIA VATUM.

There is a rumour that the Prince of Wales
Is just about to leave the English sod,
Intent, while summer in the north prevails,
To see his Mother's Colonies abroad—
A mark of sympathy from our great Queen,
As Princes of the Royal blood and style
Are rarities not often to be seen,
E'en in this most aristocratic Isle,
Prince Edward nam'd, to fix some great event,
After the Queen's papa—the illustrious Duke of
Kent.

When Princes travel, with a retinue
Of noble lords and dukes, far from home,
The least the favored colonists can do,
Is to get ready for them ere they come.—
To cover all defects in decent haste,
With paint or whitewash of the whitest kind,
Expressive of a cultivated taste,
An emblem of our purity of mind—

A custom very ancient, as we're told,—
The Jews were wont to cleanse their sepulchres of
old.

And why should we not paint, and whitewash too?
The Legislature hospitably bent,
Have placed the whole Colonial Revenue
At the disposal of the Government!
With such a tether! such a length to play,
Economy would but defeat its ends—
What signifies expense? "not every day
Does Donald kill the cow" to treat his friends.—
At such a time it must not be our care
To see the lions only, but to make them stare!

But difference of opinions there will be,
As various thoughts in different channels run;
'Tis vain to look for unanimity;
'Twould be a "something new beneath the sun."
Some recommend that seven fat kine at least
Be roasted whole upon the market square,
And to give *eclat* to the sumptuous feast,
That all in Lilliput alike should share,
And that for fuel dry "to do them brown,"
Th' old market house be burn'd, that eye sore to
the town.

But others think 'twould be a sin and shame

To burn the poor old market house, when we
Must all admit it has a righteous claim

Upon the tenure of our memory.

And that 'twould be much better, on the ground,

To make it ornamental to the eye:

A mammoth Indian camp, all covered round

With spruce and firs, and such wild drapery!

That all the Micmac subjects of our Queen

May dance a "hunt the squirrel" through the
sylvan scene.

A nice idea that! though whimsical,

A primitive conceit, where Fancy free

Runs as romantic as an Indian tale,

And, like my verse, replete with poetry!

The Indians there might mimic war, to please

The Prince, and let his Royal Highness see
How red men used to scalp their enemies,

The French or English, as the case might be.

Or youthful squaw not fond of warlike strife,

Might show how Pocahontas saved the white man's
life!

Then there be those who think a banquet rare

Should be provided for the better breed!

Who chance to have the noble dimes to spare,

For entrance tickets to the costly "feed."

A gathering more select, a grand array
Of blooming beauty, and of fashion fine !
Where full blood gentlemen and ladies may
Display their breeding, coats and crinoline !
And who can tell but some angelic form
In that bright ring may take the Prince's heart by
storm !

Besides all this, 'tis rumoured up and down,
The Government, to show their sterling sense,
Intend to pull the taverns in the town,
Be thrown wide open at the State's expense ;
To give all thirsty souls a gen'ral spree !
As eager candidates will sometimes do :
Striving to mend their popularity,
Regardless of what troubles may ensue. —
Much as the muse loves *truth* and social joy,
She cannot here but hope that Rumour tells a *lie*.

But "time it is my desultory song
Should have an ending"—so the muse will pray,
God send his Royal Highness safe along,
With no mishap to stop his princely way.
And, for his Mother's sake, each noble lord
That helps to form his suite must for his cheer,
Be furnished with the best we can afford,
To make him comfortable while he's here ;

That so the Prince, with our *desserts* impressed,
May Knight, perhaps a score,—the bard among the
rest!

Having, through the kindness of George Dundas, Esquire—our present respected Governor—been privileged to present the “Welcome to the Prince of Wales” to his Royal Highness, I had the honor of receiving the following acknowledgment from the Prince, written by Major General Bruce:—

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND,
11th August, 1860.

Sir;

I am commanded by the Prince of Wales to thank you for a copy of verses which you have been good enough to write on the occasion of H. R. Highness' visit to this Colony, which he has perused with much pleasure; and to state, also, that he has much pleasure in giving his sanction to your including the lines in question in your forthcoming volume.

I have the honor to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

(Signed)

R. BRUCE,

Major General.

To John Le Page, Esq.

WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Let acclamations loud and long
Ring o'er our hills and dales!
God save the Queen, our loyal song,
And bless the Prince of Wales.

Where thousands press to see his face,
The foremost place we claim,
This beauteous Isle, our dwelling place,
Records his Grandsire's name.

Then let us *first* our homage pay,
As rightfully we claim,—
We hail the brightest STAR to-day
In *Edward's arch of fame*!

God save the Prince of Wales! *encore*!
In patriotic style,—
We love the "Heir Apparent" more,
Because we love our Isle:
Our lovely Isle, so fair to see,
So near the fount of fame!
We'll sing its praise with greater glee
For bearing Edward's name!
And let us first, &c.

But still a *finer* chord we wake,
To sound the praise we mean,
We love him for his Mother's sake,
Because we love our Queen—
Our gracious Queen, may she receive
The best that heaven bestows;
And long in health and splendor live,
The envy of her foes!
And let us first, &c.

Where despots rule with iron rod,
 Regardless of the right,
 Their vassals *must* obey their nod,
 And *tremble* at their might;
 But where VICTORIA'S flag is seen,
 There *Liberty* must grow,
 And loyal hearts that love their Queen,
 Spontaneous homage show.
 And let us *first*, &c.

God save our Royal Queen! once more!
 And Albert at her side!
 And choicest blessings freely pour
 On all her empire wide.
 Still may her arms victorious be
 On every battle-plain,
 And, as of yore, triumphantly
 Her navy sweep the main!
 And let us *first*, &c.

No fear that Britons will be slaves,—
 That England's sun will set;
 BRITANNIA long has ruled the waves,
 And *long* shall rule them yet.
 On every deck a gallant crew
 Stand, prompt, for peace or war,
 Another "*Spithead Grand Review*,"
 Or second *Trafalgar*!
 And let us *first*, &c.

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Hail ! ENGLAND'S QUEEN ! in matron state,
Fit subject of our songs ;
Whose power our rights can vindicate,
Or soon avenge our wrongs.
And hail ! the PRINCE OF WALES ! her son,
Pride of the parent stem :
The Heir to England's lofty throne,
To Britain's diadem !
And let us *first*, &c.

Then let us sing, till echoes ring,—
This Prince of high degree,
When Heaven sees fit to order it,
Our future King may be !
And may the power above confer
Selectest gifts Divine
Upon the House of Hanover,
And Brunswick's Royal line.
And let us first our homage pay,
As rightfully we claim,—
We hail the brightest STAR to-day
In BRITAIN'S arch of fame !

ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, AT THE
TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

America ! fair shall thy history be,
Long shall thy proud Eagle spread over the free !

Bright records are thine on the annals of fame,
 Enstamp'd with the signet of Washington's name !
 Renown must be thine ! and the portion of all,
 That strike off their fetters at Liberty's call !
 Enshrin'd in the hearts of the wise and the good ;
 Distinguish'd in death by simplicity's mood ;
 Worth rests at Mount Vernon ! America weeps,
 And hallows the ground where her Washington
 sleeps.

Reposing immortal ! to millions so dear,
 Death hardly can boast to have conquered him
 here !

Peace, wrapt in her mantle, sits watching, and far
 Repels from the spot the proud spirit of war !

In bass tones of grief sounding mournfully near,
 Notes solemn fall sadly on Royalty's ear ;
 Can ALBERT unmov'd hear the dirge of the brave ?
 Enough !—he uncovers at Washington's grave.

On history's page of the past we have read,
 For freedom America battled and bled ;—
 War sounded his blood-sprinkl'd trumpet around,
 And wild Revolution awoke at the sound !

Long struggled the brave in the terrible strife,
 Each blow was for freedom, for country, for life !
 Shall Liberty triumph ?—the sequel we see :

A "star-spangled banner" waves over the free !
 That banner was Washington's cynosure bright,
 That show'd to *Old England* America's right.

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He *liv'd* to maintain it,—now nobles agree ;
 Entomb'd, there is not a more noble than he.
 The noblest must come to "earth's narrowest
 room !"

Observe but that group at the Patriot's tomb ;
 Mid fashion full-blown and festivity gay,
 By the glare of the lamp and the light of the day,
 On ! on, they have sported !—a galaxy bright !—
 Forgetting the past in the present delight,
 While viol and lute have proclaim'd their advance,
 And quicken'd their steps in the maze of the dance.
 See ! now they have come to the shrine of the
 dead,—

How chang'd is their manner ! how alter'd their
 tread !

In view of the sepulchre gayety flies,—
 No place *that* for *trifling* where Washington lies !
 Great Britain concedes the respect which is due,—
 The son of her Queen, and her noblemen too,
 Observing, in silence, mortality's doom,
 Now stand all uncover'd at Washington's tomb !

VALENTINE ADDRESSED TO MISS C—D—,
 FEBRUARY 14TH, 1845.

To the high and accomplish'd, the blooming and fair,
 Lady, Sovereign of Blank and the castles of air :
 This humble petition which, postage-paid, goeth
 Of Peter Van Puff Pipe, respectfully sheweth, —

That petitioner once had a heart of his own,
As light in his breast as a feather on stone—
Always airy and buoyant, and free as a joke,
While petitioner had but tobacco to smoke.—
That all things went smooth, for his title was clear,
'Till th' one thousand eight hundred and forty-
fifth year

Of our Lord—when a chubby-fac'd, plump little
pimp,—

With the face of an angel and heart of an imp,—
Gave petitioner cause for this formal complaint,
By playing off tricks that would torture a saint !
That lately, while sitting devout in his pew—
As all christians on Sunday, of course, ought to do—
Petitioner, deeming no evil was near him,
Rais'd his eyes to the parson—the better to hear
him ;—

And to prove that petitioner could not be blind,
Your ladyship's pew—was directly behind.—
And further, to prove that complainant saith true,
Your ladyship slept not that Sunday in pew !
That the foul little pimp herein mentioned before—
Got he in at the window or in at the door,
Or down through the stove pipe, so slyly did poke
His chubby face out from your ladyship's cloak,
With arch, sidelong glances depicted upon it—
And partly conceal'd by your ladyship's bonnet—

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Then and there took an aim, and inserted a dart
In the innermost core of petitioner's heart.—
That petitioner doubts not the arrow was sent,
Without your advice, with felonious intent
On the part of the urchin ; to rob him of what,
By right undisputed, petitioner got—
And held in possession, by deed without flaw,
Secur'd by the nine famous points of the law.
That petitioner's heart, which beforetime was sound,
And which sigh'd not, and bled not, and felt not
a wound,

Now sighs, throbs, and bleeds and turns green,
black, and blue,

When petitioner thinks of your ladyship's pew ;
And the fat little imp, with his arrows and bows,
That hid in the folds of your ladyship's clothes,
And poked out his nose, with a smile and a grin,
To shoot at petitioner arrows of sin,
Intending him some grievous bodily harm,
And filling his breast with distress and alarm.—
Petitioner therefore, would humbly submit
His pitiful case at your ladyship's feet,
And beg that you will, without further delay,
Just drive from your pew the fat urchin away,—
With his bows and his arrows, arch looks and grimace,
And straightway petitioner set in his place :
And Memorialist then, as in duty fast bound,
Will pray for your ladyship all the year round.

VALENTINE TO MISS L—D—,

FEBRUARY 14TH, 1846.

Dear lassie, I hope you'll my freedom excuse,
And listen, well pleas'd, to this strain of the Muse—
And while numbers of suitors, their blandishments
try—

All eager to bask in the beam of your eye—
On me let the light of your countenance shine,
And, in spirit and truth, become *my* Valentine.
There's B—r, young J—n, without whiskers is he—
A smock fac'd Adonis!—no fit match for thee!
And then, only think of how long you must stay;
Ere years of apprenticeship languish away!—
Believe me, dear girl, if you wait for that day,
Your jetty black locks will be frosted with grey!
Then *Hymen's* pure sweets you could never enjoy
What could an *old woman* do with a *young boy*?—
What do with him?—listen to me, and I'll tell
You the truth—and I hope you will ponder it well—
You'd have only to follow the Wandering Jew,
As he kiss'd other maids who were *younger* than you.
And then, there's McNeill, with his pedagogue air,
Who pretends that *he* wishes your true love to
share!—

But take my advice—send him off with a jerk,
To storm once again the proud heart of Miss B—ke;

For this simple fact I feel bound to declare,
Could he only have soften'd the *adamant* there !
You Charlottetown beauties, so primp and so prim,
With all your perfections, might whistle for him !
Then, I've heard, and I partly believe it is true,
That the iron-bound lawyer is dying for you.
He swears that your heart shall be *welded* just so—
For he'll strike himself, and get Vulcan to blow !—
But away with such smut love, and *don't let him blow*
Your heart and affections all into a glow ;
For believe me, you'll find your case not very nice,—
Peradventure, you get yourself fast in his *vice* !
Besides, I am told, there is one laddie More
Hangs his hat in your hall—coming in the front
door—

A musical genius ! that sings, as you please,
Treble, tenor, and counter—high ff's and low gg's.
But the next time he visits you, tell him for me,
To be off with his impudence down to Miss L—
And don't mince the matter, but out with it blunt,
That you won't be impos'd upon,—that's what you
won't !

Again, dearest lassie, I pray you excuse
My freedom, and hearken well pleas'd, to the muse ;
And while numbers of suitors to woo you appear,
Send the whole of them off with a “ flea in the ear ! ”
But on me let the light of your countenance shine,
And in spirit and truth become *my* Valentine.

VALENTINE FROM MISS C-K TO ALEX. R-E, ESQ.,
M. P. P., FEBRUARY 14TH, 1848.

This is leap year ! old ladies this year are in hope,
For if frosty old bachelors will not incline,
The question important in their ears to pop—
Why, the ladies can ask to be their Valentine !

Sixty summers, and more, have pass'd over my head,
But no offer of marriage has ever been mine ;
And now, tho' the bloom of my beauty is shed,
I have charms yet in store for an old Valentine.

I have gold ! blooming gold ! —what a treasure is
this !—

What a heap it would make if but added to thine !
Let young minxes prate about beauty and bliss,
But there's beauty in gold—aint there—old
Valentine ?

Then scorn Speaker Joe, with his humbug and
prate,
And the big-bellied Doctor—inflated with wine ;
Nor suffer the cares and distractions of state
To keep you from my arms, my old Valentine.

And then my broad acres !—pray do not say no,
For if you should this tempting offer decline,
You, and all you stale tribe to the mischief may go,
And I'll ask young Paul Mabey for my Valentine.

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